THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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BELLS VERSUS BOMBS

AS THIS issue of THE COMMONWEAL goes to press, all over the world church bells are ringing and carillons are playing sacred music of hope and rejoicing to mark the opening of the disarmament conference at Geneva. In New York City, for example, Protestant and Catholic churches, acting on suggestions in which many religious groups coöperated, sounded their bells together. The Committee on International Justice and Good Will of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America appealed over a national network of radio stations that bells should be rung in all churches and school-houses to remind the American people of the start of the conference. Monsignor Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, told the press that no less a national leader of public opinion than former Governor Alfred E. Smith has requested him to let the cathedral bells join in the chorus of prayer symbolized by the chiming of the bells, which, as Tennyson wrote, should

> Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
> For those that here we see no more;
> Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
> Ring in redress to all mankind.
>
> Ring out a slowly dying cause
> And ancient forms of party strife;
> Ring in the nobler modes of life,
> With sweeter manners, purer laws.
>
> Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
> The faithless coldness of the times;
> Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
> But ring the fuller minstrel in.
>
> Ring in the valiant man and free
> The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
> Ring out the darkness of the land,
> Ring in the Christ that is to be!

It may be easy, indeed it is inevitable, for cynics and those devoid of hope, and the faith that hope keeps strong, and creative, to laugh satirically as the bells ring out amid the crashing of the bombs of Shanghai and the screams of the stricken victims of machine-gun fire, bayonets and clubbed rifles—but if ever there was a time when hope and faith must prove their truth in power, that time is now upon the world. "For every idle word that man shall speak he must render an accounting in the Judgment Day," said One Whose words were never idle—which did what they said—which

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were what they meant. And surely, today as never before, idle words are those which are not merely mistaken, or uttered without a good purpose, but are those words that darken counsel and which express hasty judgments, moved by anger, or ignorance, or malice.

For our part, we of this paper will not at any time be presumptuous enough to act as if we believed that we know all that is to be known about any of the subjects about which we write. To say that, in particular, we know the rights and wrongs of the Chinese-Japanese situation, would be ridiculous—but we do know that the situation, bad as it is, explosively dangerous as it is, need not, and should not, and will not, lead to a general war if God-fearing and God-loving people of all the Western nations involved in the Oriental maelstrom hold fast to the hope and the faith symbolized by the church bells of February 2—Candlemas Day, in the Catholic liturgy—the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Even if the bells for the celebration of the start of the disarmament conference had not been rung, Catholic Church bells ring out each day of the year; it is their business to do so, because the great business of the unending Sacrifice must go on, and the souls of Christian folk must be reminded of that fact. And in the prayers of Candlemas Day, the voice of Mother Church says, in accents even more moving than those of the poet we have quoted: "Hearken from Thy holy heaven and from the dwelling place of Thy majesty to the supplications of this Thy people who, reverently carrying these candles in their hands [or, we may add, ringing forth these bells of supplication], will raise their voices in hymns to Thy praise. And, in fine, show mercy to all who call upon Thee, for no one is there whom Thou hast not redeemed in the precious blood of Thy Son. . . . Guided by these beams may we in safety pass through the dangers and darkness of this present time and in the end be found worthy to enter into the brightness of that undying light which is Thyself."

Even as we state the facts—the perilous deeds and words and circumstances—which appear to make the assembling of the disarmament conference a mere mockery, let us remember that God, in the words of an old English mystic, is "a great Will pervading all things by reason of Its intentness," and that men, if they so desire, and so act, may unite their wills for peace with that Will which *is* peace, and so may still save the world from the terrible danger which overshadows it.

United States marines and war vessels are rushing to China, to protect threatened American lives and property. The great American battle fleet has sailed for Hawaii, which is on the sea-road to flaming China. The fleets of England, of France, of Italy, as well as those of Japan are stirring, are nervously moving. Soviet Russia watches grimly for the moment to strike in such a way that all order may be whelmed in a Red anarchy out of which Communism might build a new order of slavery and godlessness. A hundred other ominous facts might be recorded. But that storm shadow need not concentrate into a tempest, the fleets need not crash, even China and Japan may be kept from extending their war, the menace of Russia may be held back—if hope and faith refuse to give up, and say with the bells, amid the light of Candlemas Day, "Sursum corda." The message of the bells may prove to be more potent than the bombs.

WEEK BY WEEK

War in Japan?

ABOUT the last word that can be said on the situation in the Orient at the moment, is that events are in the making. Regular army troops of the United States have been sent overseas from the American domain for the first time since the World War. Sixteen of our warships are now at Shanghai. The battle fleet of the United States, described as its main offensive unit, is by a seeming coincidence steaming for maneuvers in the Hawaiian Islands, halfway to Asia. The dynamite in the situation, beyond that already let loose by Japan's running amuck in China, is, that with so many war dogs at the scene of violence, the probabilities of some of them being bitten and a general scrap being started are portentously increased. If only pacifists could be shipped to such scenes rather than fighting men! But of course this scheme was proved illusory by Mr. Ford with his Peace Ship. We are witnessing one of those quick-running powder trains of human emotions that can later by the scholars in their closets be analyzed according to economic determinism, or other theories, but which at the time are mass hysteria that seems to follow blindly the famous article in the Infantry Drill Regulations—the catechism of our fighting men—which reads somewhat as follows: in an emergency it is better to take active offensive measures, rather than to search hesitantly for an ideal. *Poco, poco,* is the burden of our voice in the present situation. For the love of God let us hesitate in the search for an ideal, rather than rush into war.

Mr. Seabury's Findings

RESEARCHES into the American tragedy! That sounds grim, but is certainly not an overwrought title for the display of political venality which a few months of probing have sufficed to give New York. The question is not so much one of corruption and illegal activity among politicians; it is concerned, rather, with the amazing incapacity and sloth of the public. For Gotham is only a sample, though as such it deserves all the scrutiny it is getting. What do the figures indicate to date? Not one but many million dollars were banked by officials whose salaries were their only sources of "income," but whose deposits in the nation's soundest strong-boxes made one think of old man Midas. When interrogated, the

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savers reported a variety of alchemisms. No mediaeval changer of glitter into gold ever made greater claims for his prowess than have been put forth by some of the valiant sheriffs, judges, commissioners and hangers-on of Tammany. We have said before and we now repeat: the question is not whether the said Tammany is any worse than other similar organizations; it is not whether the grafters outnumber the honest public servants; it is only this, are the alleged charges true and what can be done about them?

TO DATE it has occurred to nobody—least of all to the real leaders of the community—to challenge seriously the rightness of Mr. Seabury's findings. Likewise it has entered no head that anything akin to immediate, drastic reform is needed. And why? Because the metropolitan public, the greater part of which has no big economic stake in city property which furnishes income, is as powerless to concern itself with such a problem as the compatriots of Noah were to halt the flood. Who, for instance, would expect that in these days when unemployment relief is so vitally necessary to tens of thousands of families, individuals would brave the powers that be? Don't bite the hand that's feeding you! This melody, chanted by millions who remained blithely unaware of economic realities while rising markets permitted the getting of easy money, is also the root evil of contemporary politics. You cannot convince the average burgher that city government costs him money in the form of rent and other things. He will not think around the corner of his bargain with the landlord. He will not think around any corner. And until he does—which date is possibly very remote—Jimmie will keep on jesting and Seabury investigating. But we must not forget that there are people who do think. People for whom the evil spectacle now offered is a scandal. People in whose name the moral history of New York will some day be written.

LABORING as a missionary in modern Europe seems quite incredible to the American Catholic, who still remembers the great debt his nation owes to the pioneer activity of many priests from abroad. Nor does one have to be very old to remember this or that dauntless cleric who left the placid routine of the Continent for the untilled field of the New World. But times have changed. Owing partly to wars and disasters, partly to losses suffered by the Faith, and partly to the secularization of religious orders, there is now a real dearth of priests in many parts of Europe. During the course of a thoughtful article about the situation of the Church in these times, contributed to the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review,* Monsignor J. Straubinger writes: "In former days thousands of European priests went to America to fight the battles of the Lord. Now that Europe is in need and Bolshevism stands menacing at the door, why should not priests come from America to stiffen the defense in the most perilous sectors? Many European bishops would be glad of such reinforcements to their scanty clergy. The material support of such volunteers would at least be assured. The writer of these lines would be glad to lend his services in this connection to capable priests who command a knowledge of the German language." That is a "call" as clear as it is astonishing.

A Changed World

"THE SPIRIT, and the beauty of the Catholic church . . . found expression today at the cathedral, where the Most Reverend John Gregory Murray, D.D., recently Bishop of Portland, Maine, was enthroned as Archbishop of St. Paul, and at whose altar he said Mass for the first time," wrote our valued contributor, Frances Boardman, in the St. Paul *Dispatch* toward the end of the past month. This generous comment in the secular press, written by a non-Catholic, suggests we believe a priceless heritage of which the present incumbent to the St. Paul archbishopric is a beneficiary from his predecessors, Archbishops Ireland and Dowling, and which His Grace, Archbishop Murray, is eminently fitted to preserve. He leaves a grateful and affectionate flock in the important bishopric of Portland, Maine, and those who will come to know him in his important new post, will find him a brilliant speaker and a patron especially of music, besides a dignitary of the Church who will rule wisely and inspire an active love for the things of God. In another article in the St. Paul *Pioneer Press,* Miss Boardman writes: "His Excellency gives in an uncommon degree the impression of being a happy man. To talk with him is to gain the further feeling that it is a happiness based not only on contentment in his vocation, but also on possession of the vitality with which to carry his many enthusiasms through to fruitful conclusions." THE COMMONWEAL, from its own knowledge, is happy to endorse these impressions. It extends its respectful best wishes to him and felicitates the people of his new see.

Archbishop Murray

GENERALLY speaking, clergy- and church-baiting in organs of wide popular circulation is suspect, and we decline to honor it with additional publicity in these columns. However, Mr. Rupert Hughes's recent challenge to the churches, in *Liberty,* has at least one merit which brings it under notice. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman has replied so adequately to Mr. Hughes's suggestion that church buildings be offered as shelters to the destitute, and to his basic implication that (in the words of *Liberty's* editors) "the churches in general were not fully alive to this winter's conditions," that we are glad to add our word of acquiescence to his summary of the facts, and our word of admiration for the spirit in which he offers it. He is perfectly forbearing under Mr. Hughes's unjust censure, yet so definite as to be almost crisp in pointing

"Open the Churches"

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out its injustice. Speaking first of the articles of the Federal Council of Churches, then of the Catholic Bishops' Program of Reconstruction and the manifesto of the Union of Hebrew Congregations, Dr. Cadman indicates that the prime concern of all alike has been, not merely patchwork emergency measures, but a reconstitution of the economic system in terms of justice, in terms of the living wage and (to quote the council's articles) "of the most equitable division of the products of industry that can ultimately be devised." And on the point of emergency measures themselves, he sets forth facts which must, we think, make Mr. Hughes feel how much more sound than sense there was in his original strictures, however well-meant they may have been. Not only are all the churches, Christian and Hebrew, dispensing a practical charity never before equaled even in their magnificent record of helping the destitute; they all stand ready—who can doubt it?—to use the utmost of what they possess if and when it is really needed. Specifically, Dr. Cadman quite properly points out that many churches of the council, months ago, offered to open their doors to the homeless—an offer vetoed by the health authorities, at least temporarily. If municipal and charity facilities break down under increasing pressure (which God avert!), there is no more doubt that the offer will be renewed than that the other churches will join in making it.

Catholic Art

THE WINNER of the first better-buildings contest conducted by the Chamber of Commerce of St. Louis, was the new hospital there operated by the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. The award was made for "good general design and appearance, both as to exterior and interior, good mechanical equipment and high quality of workmanship." The hospital was held to be the only building completed during the year which met the requirements sufficiently to justify the award of a bronze tablet. This seems to us an occasion for several happy reflections. First, that the spirit of St. Louis, city and saint, is represented in our times not only by the courage of flying across an ocean single-handed, but also by that persevering courage of the hospitalers who day in and day out minister to the needs of the broken and the dying. The latter is a heroism which, because of its daily matter-of-factness, is too often unsung. Not only are those who actually give themselves to minister to the sick and injured to be praised, but also those who living in the world, gave of their substance to build the hospital. It cost approximately $2,000,000. Second, we may within decent limits indulge in a little family pride that the structure so successfully is in the splendid tradition of the Church as a patron of the arts. This may seem a rather trifling consideration compared to the stern realities of the purpose of a hospital, but it is we believe an important symbol of a joyous spirit in the service of God and has an incalculable effect in lifting up the hearts of both sick and hale.

Honor Where Due

A NOTABLE New York gathering recently paid cordial tribute to Miss Lilian D. Wald, whose work at the Henry Street Settlement is known everywhere. This was, to be sure, not the first time that this busy and distinguished woman has been honored; but novelty was lent to the occasion both by praise from the chief executive of the United States and Great Britain, and by the representative character of the audience which had gathered. It seems to us, however, that President Lewis of Lafayette College placed the emphasis where we wished to see it, when he recommended her work to the attention of students, as being "the service of making life worth living to those who have the same rights but not the same privileges as do their more lucky but not more deserving neighbors." As a matter of fact, Miss Wald has spent a good deal of her time with college students interested in welfare work and eager to devote themselves to it. Summer after summer the Henry Street Settlement has thus been a rendezvous for young idealists who, ere long, were likewise bound to wax practical. This educational endeavor, in the finest sense of the term, has helped to make Miss Wald one woman in a thousand.

Psychology, Biology and Religion

THAT there is a significant trend in physical science away from mechanistic and self-explanatory conceptions, and toward what can at least be called the metaphysical, is well known. In an interesting paper in the *South Atlantic Quarterly,* Dr. William McDougall makes an effort to align the sciences of life—psychology and biology—with this humane and cheering advance. Dr. McDougall, himself a psychologist, and associated with Oxford, Harvard and Duke Universities, is not the first to find a basis for affirming the spiritual in the conclusions of psychology and biology, nor, please heaven, will he be the last. But with behaviorism and the dregs of a misconceived Darwinism coloring so much current thought, his testimony, which is sane, mature, even luminous, is worth pausing upon. Defining, as he does, the purely natural bases of religion, Dr. McDougall might seem, from the viewpoint of Christian philosophy, to be headed toward a sort of implicit pantheism; his position is incomplete, and to that extent dangerous. But his specific judgments, upon both the dual nature of human life, and the proofs of that duality which stand outside the competence of science to deny, are sound and heartening. That "it is the nature of man to recognize the true, the good and the beautiful," or in other terms, "a realm of Spirit infinitely surpassing in extent and power his own small spark," but in which he can participate, Dr. McDougall states to be "an empirical fact as well-established, as indisputable, as any you may find in the most authoritative text-book of physical science"; and that this recognition, together with the purposeful activities which it

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entails, represents "the highest part of man's nature," he states to be a truth intuitively known, "established long before science began to take shape . . . and independent . . . in the sense that no conceivable discoveries made by scientific methods can refute or shake" it.

DENIAL of these premises comes, in our day, "notoriously" from psychology and biology. For this, Dr. McDougall blames a sort of illogical hangover from the nineteenth century; illogical because, "whereas the belief in the mechanistic determination of human life was deduced from certain principles of physical science, the physical scientists themselves have now abandoned those principles in their own sphere, while the reactionary biologists and psychologists remain clinging to the unsupported dogma like sailors clinging desperately to the mast of a sinking ship deserted by its officers." Actually, it is clear, of course, that biology and psychology, so far as they go, "afford positive support" to religion. Any biological theory postulates a purposive development, and "a purposive action, when considered in isolation, is strictly speaking unintelligible. . . . [It] points beyond itself to a larger purpose of which it is but a . . . fragmentary expression." Similarly, any psychological theory must recognize man's practical logic—the "congruity between our logical activities and the world to which we apply them"; and unless psychologists reply with jejune insufficiency, that this congruity comes from man's being "molded to his environment," they must accept the premise that "the laws of reason are primary and fundamental . . . not the products of an evolutionary process, but intrinsic in the Mind or Spirit." A Catholic, we repeat, would find this demonstration incomplete. He would push back a step beyond the evasive "larger purpose" to the self-evident proposition that purpose is a function of personality; and thence forward, to revelation. He would probably give precedence, in the hierarchy of proofs, to man's pursuit of duty and truth, instead of man's "power to appreciate and create beauty," as Dr. McDougall does later on. But all Catholics must allow the positive value of this challenge to a throttling materialism, and wish the challenger good speed in his war of emancipation.

WOMEN'S weight is a subject on which frequently it is not only indelicate but also dangerous to dwell. Mussolini, however, with that intrepidity which seems to distinguish him, has come forth in no uncertain terms on the subject. To an Italian Medical Congress, he inveighed against the slender silhouette where it results from excessive reducing, declaring "This weakens the race." He branded as "another fallacy that maternity diminishes womanly beauty," and asserted, "precisely the reverse is true. The result of fallacious fashion is that the birth rate is diminishing in Italy." Italy through her great artists, we may recall, lent a major aid to the Christian ideology of the Madonna and Child at an earlier day when fashions threatened the corruption of the world; and certainly again, womanly womanhood and the glory of the mother and child, need not only those who can disputate for them, but also those who can paint them as heartening symbols of a human and spiritual ideal. Whether or not one likes Mussolini, his words no doubt represent the contemporary attitude of a great nation.

Buxom and Blithe

A POSER FOR THE PUBLIC

ELECTION year. Unless some as yet unearthed inflation charm works magic, a political campaign closer and more thrilling than any witnessed in years is likely to keep the nation gasping until the very end. But what of it? That, too, is an important question. Every year a great, silent vote is cast by those who view politics with absolute indifference; who believe, cynically or despairingly, that going to the polls is as futile as a trip to the movies and far less entertaining. It is this verdict, given by the people themselves, which may after all be the soundest commentary on what American government has come to be.

Elsewhere in this issue there is a review of a new book by a man who has given much time and energy to the political education of his fellow men. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler concerns himself earnestly with the problem outlined above. He does not hesitate to characterize existing conditions as a "morass" of inefficiency and dishonesty, out of which, in his opinion, there is no escape save "by the aid of a really well-instructed, a really alert, a really courageous, and a really liberal public opinion." Leadership, he notes, is in a state akin to doddering idiocy. "A steady reading of the *Congresional Record* is one of the saddest of occuptions," he remarks. And an American whose soul has really quaffed this melancholy experience knows full well that the criticisms advanced by Fascist and Communist doctrinaires, not to mention less-opinionated foreigners, are only too completely justified.

Where in a nutshell does the trouble lie? First, in the disappearance of responsibility all along the line. Of course the public can vote one party out of office and another in. Even this procedure is, one may note, less within the realm of possibility than is normally imagined. For, barring quite exceptional circumstances, elections tend to belong to those who expend most money on them. But suppose that a change of party is made. What does the nation actually get? First, let us see what it does not get, which is this: a unified organization pledged to certain policies and habits and on trial for the effect of these. Parties in the United States no longer possess a static homogeneity. What link is there between President Hoover and Senator Borah? Or even between the two Senator Walshes? The Republican label may indeed continue to stand for certain things—but you cannot be sure that the Democratic label would not likewise mean them. On major issues there is anything else but party agreement. Pro-

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hibition, isolation, tax reform, the tariff, are questions regarding which partizan organizations are as divided as the public itself.

What, then, does the nation get? A complete change of personnel, from top to bottom. The Cabinet goes: such efficiency as its members have acquired through experience is flung to the winds on the vague theory that the "traditions" of the office constitute a sufficient formative influence. And much else goes. In the twinkling of an eye, official America can be revamped without any other reason than that party organization requires plums. Everybody from the barber on the corner to the President unceremoniously goes out, and substitutes ceremoniously go in. The public actually chooses this, that and the other gentleman, knowing full well meanwhile that these are bound hand and foot by commitments and precedents. Under the surface, of course, the government machinery—the huge army recruited by the Civil Service—does keep on marching. But this is a dumb and inglorious army. If it speaks, its language is that of pure routine. It is tied hand and foot with bundles of pretty, suffocating red tape.

How such a system could fail to quash initiative and energy is a matter which passeth understanding. Between the vote and the spoils nine-tenths of the thinking which the nation requires is ground to powder. To be sure a lot of meditating is done on the side lines. Commuters read Walter Lippmann every morning; books on public questions find occasional readers. Even village Thoreaus, mute and inglorious, may still covet ostracism. But this is a realm without focus. Let a hundred thousand people discover, after hard study, that the problem of accrued post-war financing needs to be faced in a new way. They can meet to discuss their findings, publish these in careful books, and persuade themselves that something will be done next week. But this next week never comes. They awake to learn that not only have millions of their fellow citizens failed to give the matter any consideration, but that the political entity which controls their country is still desperately and merely worried about the vote.

All this is, however, quite commonly known. It is the answer to the query, "What can be done about it?" which occasions disagreement. Several replies have been given. First, we may hold with Dr. Butler that educating public opinion is the required remedy. It sounds easy. But if the rate of progress is not quickened immensely, decent success canot be expected prior to the year 5000. Besides, it is difficult to find any adequate theoretical foundation for this enlightenment. Before men can be alert, courageous and liberal, they must be interested. And disinterested. That presupposes both a social and a moral stake. One sees no good reason for believing that the public as a whole is moving toward awareness of either.

The second reply insists that reviving community bonds, with a view toward encouraging a renewal of community responsibility, is the one thing needful. This, too, is good as far as it goes. But does not our national indifference in large measure flow from our municipal indifference? Since the modern city is too large and complex an organization to survey as an individual, the habit of trying to participate in government is lost. The country, for its part, is both unaware of the city and inimical to it.

The third reply, which comes from all those who pin their hopes on a third party, believes that salvation lies in challenging the authority of the great partizan groups in the name of liberalism, progressivism or even more resolute stand-pat-ism. But surely there is no reason for believing that an indifferent public would rally to the support of a new creation, with little opportunity for success and only a sadly theoretical motive for being. Nor is there much hope that such a party, forced to wrestle with the situation now obtaining, could accomplish more in a better way than do the present rulers of the republic.

There is a fourth reply which, all things considered, seems to stand a better chance of achievement. We have a constantly growing body of alert, interested young people whom the colleges have managed to educate in a measure for civic life. Why is it that few of these can be won for the public service, as their fellows are won for the ministry, for teaching, or for the army and navy? The answer is: little effort has been made to render the public service attractive to competent people. Administrative work is, on the whole, poorly rewarded and ignored; the diplomatic service battens on private fortunes. And yet it is upon this underpinning of experience and knowledge that the nation must rely. Why not effect a reorganization of this whole system, making positions with the government quite as independent and personally interesting as are positions in a university? Why not insist that standards at least equally high be set for appointees?

Putting this idea across—to borrow diction from the go-getter vocabulary—is, one thinks, equivalent to taking the first step toward a genuine reconstruction of national responsibility. The practice of looking to the public service as a profession would quite automatically create "interest" in government—which is necessarily something more than a spirited, benevolent willingness to discuss civic problems until past midnight. This interest in turn might prove educative. At least the public could be imagined as some day concerning itself with better oratory and leadership than that now supplied by politicians. And some of the hard work would get itself done intelligently.

Dr. Butler is hereby nominated for the task of effecting a change of this kind. No educator in America has a wider following; none has better earned his spurs as a liberal and a realist; and none is more aware of the truth that something must be done. But it is only too true that one can't educate the public by the reverse of the direct ballot. Education needs the school and the university; government needs a solid core of trained men and women, endowed with a communal consciousness of their duties and ideals.

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THE PUBLIC DOMAIN

By JOSEPH CONRAD FEHR

While it is generally known that the United States government has considerable holdings in real estate, the dimensions of the public domain and the problems of administration involved are seldom considered by the average voter. But it is a highly important matter. "The future of the live-stock industry in the West," says Mr. Fehr in the present article, "depends largely upon the action which Congress takes," to bring order into chaos and at the same time to promote the welfare of the would-be homesteader. Certainly the methods hitherto employed have proved inadequate.—The Editors.

IN THE eleven Western states there are broad areas of open public land, most of which is nontillable and valuable only for grazing. In places the grazing value is very low, in others it is very high. Practically all of this land is unsuited to development under the existing homestead laws. There are regions that would furnish good range units, but grazing as an asset is being rapidly dissipated because the lands are being ruined by overgrazing. The United States Geological Survey has much evidence that regulation of the range is very urgently needed.

Because of the rapidly diminishing forage on these lands there is constant controversy between stock interests. A large percentage of the land still in the public domain, and over which there is no regulation or control, is fit only for winter grazing. For years it was used only in the winter time and had ample opportunity to rehabilitate itself during the summer. There was usually as much vegetation in the fall of the year as was found the previous autumn. Of late years, however, a different policy has been pursued. Large herds of sheep and goats now graze upon much of this land both winter and summer. Wells have been dug in some localities, some reservoirs have been built and, on land adjacent to streams, stock has been grazed constantly. The result is that the lands are being denuded of the vegetation, and the erosion of the soil is much more rapid than formerly. When the soil is thus denuded, it is ruined within a short time. The surface is broken and gullying begins. The nomadic herds which are grazing upon these lands are usually owned by people who are not citizens of the United States. Their misuse of the land is a source of constant controversy between local residents and foreign stock interests.

Almost every person who has given the subject careful consideration is now converted to the idea that there must be some sort of control. It has been suggested that these lands be turned over to the states, impressed with the trust for their rehabilitation. The Western states could probably handle these lands if the grant were made to them unconditionally. If the minerals and the forests are reserved to the federal government, as some suggest, such a grant would be perfectly valueless to the respective states in some instances, and they do not and would not have the funds nor the machinery to regulate and control public lands.

These prevailing conditions with respect to the public domain furnish, perhaps, the most amazing example of the "absentee landlord." These vast landed interests consist of approximately 194,000,000 acres of land with a potential value of $26,000,000,000 — all the property of the people of the United States.

Congress has repeatedly been charged with being derelict in its duty for its failure to lay down a definite policy for the regulation and control of these lands. Congress has been given exclusive jurisdiction over the public lands by the federal constitution, and that body has from time to time provided appropriate machinery for their administration. In 1812 the General Land Office was established and Congress provided that this bureau should have charge of all matters pertaining to the public domain, except as otherwise specifically provided by law. In 1879 the Geological Survey was organized, charged with the classification of the public lands and examination of the products of the national domain. These two bureaus are part of the Interior Department which, since 1849, has been entrusted with the administration of all public land laws.

Throughout the history of America's public domain, the Interior Department has assumed a dominant position in the administration of these lands. In the General Land Office all records of title to lands acquired from the federal government are kept, and that bureau also has primary charge of adjudicating all rights arising under the public land laws, and makes the surveys, and fixes the legal subdivisions by means of which these land titles are described. Its interpretations of the public land statutes have established rules of conduct in public land affairs that are almost an inseparable part of the every-day life of the West, its files containing a vast accumulation of information.

Much of the technical information needed for public land administration is furnished by the Geological Survey. The Geological Survey has also made studies concerning the surface characteristics of the public domain, prepares topographic maps that are essential prerequisites to such studies, measures streamflow and makes explorations necessary to determine groundwater resources, has charge of the technical administration of mineral leasing affairs, prepares classification reports as to hydroelectric and irrigation values involved in the public lands, and in desert regions locates natural or artificial watering places needed for preserving life for man and beast. It also studies vegetation conditions and has accumulated a fund of information concerning the public domain of a type essential to any consideration of the problems involved in the

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utilization of the remaining unappropriated public domain. In these public-land states the public domain equals one-fourth of the total area; one-third of the total range area of the United States is in those states. The live-stock industry of the eleven Far Western states with 7,452,000 beef cattle, 25,066,000 sheep, 4,500,000 horses, mules, goats and dairy cattle, has a valuation of $870,000,000. Seventy percent of all of the feed for this live stock is furnished by range lands as native pasturage. Over one-third of the gross farm income of these Far Western states is from live stock. For stable, efficient and profitable production it is necessary to assure a satisfactory and permanent coördination between feed produced on ranges and that on different range areas.

This public domain equals more than one-third of the area in cultivation in the entire United States. It equals one-tenth of the entire land area of our country. It is largely arid or semi-arid, having an annual rainfall of twenty inches or less. It is too dry for profitable crop production. As the vegetation on these lands at best is scant, public grazing as an asset is being rapidly dissipated through lack of control and regulation.

While this land furnishes 10 percent of the feed for all of the live stock in the eleven Western states, yet estimates made by experts indicate that these lands are producing only about 50 percent of their capacity. It is used mostly for grazing in fall, winter and spring, although some parts are grazed the entire year. More than twenty years ago the government formulated definitely a policy with reference to a part of its public domain by creating the national forests and regulating the grazing thereon. Under the present conditions the established stockmen and home-builders have no protection for the public domain which they have to use to make their operations a success and provide a living for their families. Under the provisions of land laws men have gone out West and have made homes for themselves and their families with the understanding that they had a right to graze on the public domain.

From time immemorial the right to graze upon public lands has been recognized. In order to afford that protection, the federal regulation offers the only solution and points the only way that protection can be afforded the home-builder. Now, an outsider without ranch property or other obligation may go on our ranges at will with his live stock at any time, eat the feed, and pass on, leaving the home-builder's stock to starve or be cared for in some other way. He is forced, as a protection against the tramp stockmen, to graze his range land closer than he would otherwise do. He cannot reserve a part of the range for emergencies or for the critical periods of the year. In fact, he cannot exercise any of the rights and privileges usually given to stockmen on the forest reserves. According to the Forest Service, valuable grass types in Montana have deteriorated into a rabbit-bush—yellow brush—weed type, supporting but a scant stand of valuable range plants, and it requires five to six times as many acres to support a cow as formerly. The 9,000,000 acres of semi-desert type of range in Arizona which are largely public domain have been so badly depleted of perennial grasses and palatable browse plants that they are practically worthless for a year-long grazing, and very uncertain for winter use. It now requires 150 to 200 acres or more to support the equivalent of a cow year long in place of the fifty acres required on this type within the Santa Rita Range Reserve in Arizona under experimental management.

The 5,500,000 acres of unappropriated public domain with their intermingled state and private lands which lie within the mesa and foothill portion of Arizona will seldom support live stock at a rate of less than eighty to ninety acres per cow year long. This same type of range under conservative grazing on the Santa Rita Range Reserve has carried cattle year long at the rate of less than twenty-five acres per cow for the last twelve years. Every acre of grazing land that is not producing forage to its full capacity is a money loss. These ranges must, therefore, not only be perpetuated but they should be made to produce forage to the limit. The national forests in many of the states have a carrying capacity of about one cow unit for each twenty acres of land for a six months' grazing period. By a cow unit is meant one mature cow or the equivalent thereof in sheep, and this is somewhere in the neighborhood of five or six sheep for one cow unit. The public domain has a carrying capacity considerably less than that of the present national forests. There is located near Ephraim, Utah, a Great Basin Experiment Station for range management, conducted by the Department of Agriculture. They have given some attention to this problem and have estimated about forty acres of land for each cow unit for six months' grazing period. It is believed that, on the average, animals can graze approximately six months on the summer ranges in the national forests and about six months on the winter ranges, which are almost entirely public domain.

The work done at the Great Basin Experiment Station at Ephraim, Utah, proves conclusively that regulated grazing is not detrimental to the land but that overgrazing is not only detrimental to the land but destroys the forage. Interesting experiments at that station have shown how nature rebuilds the vegetation on the land if given an opportunity. The earlier crops are not nutritious and therefore many of the cattle and horses feeding on these lands die of malnutrition. It is only after from five to ten years that overgrazed lands may be brought back to 100 percent of their productivity. Similar results have been obtained in Arizona, New Mexico and other Western states. Drought has taken heavy toll from public domain ranges. Death losses of cattle in the Southwest on uncontrolled ranges have been as high as 30 to 50 percent of cattle in some herds in a single year. In 1924, a drought year, many cows in southern Arizona had to be sacrificed at $16.00 or less a head, some with calves, and buyers refused to take the poorer animals, cutting

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back as high as 50 percent of those offered for sale, so that many of them had to be left on the range to die of starvation. At the same time cull cows in good condition were sold from the Santa Rita Range Reserve, a similar type of range but regulated and conservatively grazed for beef, at $35.00 a head, and calves brought an average of about $20.00. Erosion resulting from depletion of the perennial grasses, which are the main soil-binding plants, is also an important factor in the silting and shortening of the life of irrigation and live-stock reservoirs. Some irrigation reservoirs are silting up at a rate of 1 percent or more of their capacity yearly. Thirty representative large live-stock watering reservoirs silted up at the rate of one foot a year, giving them a life of less than fifteen years. It has been found that heavy rains falling on depleted lands cause rapid run-offs and floods which tear out roads, bridges and other public works, cover farm lands with a blanket of sand and gravel and fill the beds of navigable rivers. Depletion of soil fertility by erosion is thus seriously endangering future productivity of the land.

Representative Don B. Colton of Utah, chairman of the Committee on Public Lands in the Lower House of Congress, has several times brought the chaotic conditions regarding the public domain to the attention of Congress, and he as well as other members of Congress have introduced bills calculated to give the Secretary of the Interior the authority to supervise the grazing upon the public domain, with the understanding that he is first to consider the interests of the small home-builder, the man who goes out into the country with the hope of building a home for himself and his family. After this, he is to take into consideration the rights of those who have heretofore used the ranges; and then he is to inaugurate a system of regulation and control that will bring the public domain back to 100 percent of its productivity. The future of the live-stock industry of the West largely depends upon the action which Congress will take in this important matter. It will do much toward stabilizing the industry in the West. Moreover, if the situation is not soon taken care of, the asset of public grazing will have been largely dissipated, if not entirely so, because many areas of the West are not producing more than 25 percent to 50 percent of their capacity.

The President of the United States in several of his messages to Congress has called attention to the necessity of public land control and regulation. Congress has been intrusted with the responsibility of these lands and should see that something is done. If the government has no policy with reference to its public domain, it is suggested that one be formulated.

UT UNUM SINT

By LEONID I. STRAKHOVSKY

IN THESE troubled days when the war specter becomes visible in the Far East, when Europe is once more in the clutches of social unrest, when millions of people the world over look for work and find none, when the question of disarmament most urgently needs a solution—the Pope's authoritative voice inviting a crusade of charity moved the hearts and conscience of all true Catholics. But if, in his recent encyclical, "Nova Impendet," Pope Pius XI appealed for the limitation of actual armaments because they are "the effect of the rivalry among nations," and because they entail "the withdrawal of enormous sums from the public wealth," which makes them "not the smallest of contributors to the current extraordinary crisis," His Holiness has on more than one occasion called to the attention of the Christian world the necessity also for spiritual disarmament.

The prayer of Jesus Christ, "Ut unum sint . . . ut sint consummati in unum," has so far not been fulfilled. Instead of that perfect unity in spirit that should be the greatest force of Christianity, we see the followers of Christ more divided now perhaps than ever before. Yet, if the principle of unity has long ago become a political axiom, unity in the spiritual world would so much the more provide that force and that power which alone could cope successfully with the multiple problems of our day.

The Bishops of Rome have labored for centuries to bring about the reunion of those fragments of the Church which, though dissenting, have preserved the spiritual value and the mystic life of early Christianity. In addressing the Italian youths on January 10, 1927, Pope Pius XI said:

> Does one know all that is precious, good and Christian in these fragments of the ancient Catholic faith? The separated parts of a gold-containing rock do not cease to be gold-containing. The ancient Christian Churches of the Orient have preserved a sanctity so venerable in its object that they merit not only all our respect but also all our sympathy.

As to the actual dogmatic differences existing between the Church of Rome and the Churches of the Orient, including Russia, they are so few that the question of reunion would seem to be a very easy one to solve. In fact there are only two dogmas of the Catholic Church that are not practised or admitted by the Oriental Churches: (1) the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady; and (2) the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope. Of these two fundamental beliefs of the Catholic Church, the first one was actually followed by the South-Russian Orthodox Church with its center in Kiev throughout the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and was dropped

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only after a long fight with the Holy Synod in St. Petersburg. As to the second, the attitude of the majority of the Oriental Churches was determined by a false translation, which instead of "infallibility" used "impeccability," thus deforming completely the entire essence of this dogma. But notwithstanding such small differences, national antagonisms and strong prejudices resulting from the lack of understanding have been piled up for centuries on both sides to such an extent that at present there seem to be even greater barriers to the reunion of the Oriental Churches than to that of the Protestant denominations. We must apply all our energy and all our mental and spiritual forces toward the crushing of these barriers. This can be done only by understanding; and that understanding will be obtained through unbiased studies, and the manifestation of Christian love. The fruit of such labor may be a rich harvest of nearly two hundred million souls—the approximate number of adherents to the Greek Orthodox Church.

Animated by this great idea, a group of Benedictine monks is patiently working to clear the route toward union and everlasting peace. The advantages which the Benedictine Order presented for work in the field of the union of churches was noted already in the eighties, when Leo XIII, in his letter to the Benedictine Cardinal Dusmet, Archbishop of Catagna, dated January 4, 1887, and written on the occasion of the founding of the Benedictine College of St. Anselm, said:

> You know how close this foundation is to Our heart. It is related to many of Our projects, particularly those having in view the welfare of the Oriental Church.

Later, in 1893, when receiving the students of the College of St. Anselm in Rome, he developed his first idea:

> You know how deeply interested I am in the reconciliation of the Oriental Churches. Well, I am counting on you to help me in this task. I have often told myself: I will need the Benedictines for it.

Hence we should not be surprised that His Holiness Pope Pius XI has followed the example of one of the greatest of his predecessors. On March 21, 1924, His Holiness addressed a letter to the primate of the Benedictine Order urging him to invite all the abbots and monks of that order not only to pray constantly for the union of churches, but also to start active work for its realization by the study of the language, the history, the institutions, the psychology, the theology and the literature of the people who are members of the Oriental Church.

The reason that the sons of Saint Benedict were chosen for this important work lies in the fact that their father, the patriarch of the Occidental monks, not only sought inspiration in the Orient for the establishment of this, the first Catholic monastic order, but is still greatly venerated by the Oriental Church. In his Monastic Rules (Chapter 73) Saint Benedict said:

> The order is nothing but a modest adaptation for our regions of the Oriental rules, of the conferences of the Fathers, of their lives, and also of the rule of our Father, Saint Basil.

At the same time, another consideration was the fact that the Order of Saint Benedict did not provoke antagonism in the Orient, because it had never been associated with the active and, one must admit, sometimes arrogant, proselytism manifested by some other Occidental monastic orders.

In execution of the above pontifical letter, the abbots and monks of the monasteries of Mont-César, St-André-lez-Bruges and Maredsous started to prepare a monastic foundation. After a long period of preparation and studies under the direction of the Sacred Congregation for Oriental Affairs, a Benedictine priory devoted to the union of churches was founded in Amay-sur-Meuse, Belgium. Belgium was considered the most favorable territory for the location of the first monastery devoted to the union of churches because it is a small country, unaggressive, without any international ambitions; it occupies but a secondary place in the council of great powers, and is essentially Catholic.

This priory is now headed by Dom Lambert Beauduin of Mont-César, a great toiler for many years in the field of church union. The work accomplished by this foundation is remarkable. Century-long prejudices are gradually fading away before the light which radiates from it. The super-national spirit which is essential for such an enterprise is clearly manifested by the composition of the community which comprises at present about thirty members not counting the novices. The Belgian element is, naturally, predominant, but seven other nations are represented as follows: French, 3; Dutch, 3; Austrian, 1; Spanish, 1; Norwegian, 1; English, 2; and Russian, 4. "Notwithstanding this," writes Dom Feuillen Mercenier, a member of the community, "the most perfect understanding never ceases to exist among us." The little monastery has two chapels, of which one is devoted to Latin service of the Benedictine monastic type and the other to Byzantine service in Slavonic. But so far the general monastic rule followed at Amay-sur-Meuse is Benedictine in form and discipline, simply because of the limited size of the monastery, which prevents the simultaneous organization of both the Oriental and the Occidental types of monastic life. However, the community has recently received a donation of larger grounds where they will start building a more spacious monastery as soon as they are able to collect the necessary funds.

One of the main activities of this monastic foundation is the publication of an excellent review entitled *Irénikon* (Bringer of Peace), which aims not only to make the fundamentals and the spirit of the Catholic Church known among the brothers in the Orient, but also, and perhaps principally, to divulge to the Catholics of the Occident the spiritual wealth and the true Christian mysticism preserved in the Oriental Church.

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This aim was clearly indicated by Pope Pius XI when in his consistorial address of December 18, 1924, he said:

> The work of reconciliation cannot be attempted with any hope for success unless under a triple condition: if on the one hand one abandons the false point of view concerning the doctrines and the institutions of the Oriental Church, deeply rooted in the great majority, and if on the other hand one applies himself to seek diligently the accord of the Oriental and Latin Fathers in one and the same faith; finally, if on both sides one could have an exchange of ideas moved by common spirit of brotherly charity.

Irénikon is the true example of that spirit of conciliation which is at the base of the "psychological method" adopted by the monks of Amay-sur-Meuse for their work. Distinguished representatives of both the Catholic and the Orthodox Church collaborate in the common cause by contributing articles and whole studies to its pages. As to the "psychological method," this is how Dom Lambert Beauduin explains it:

> We have to look upon this question as the Jews did on the coming of the promised Messiah. Their religion consisted in hoping for and in preparing for that coming, not in seeing it nor expecting to witness it. Generations of excellent Jews lived and worked in view of this promise. It was their providential rôle to fulfil, and the fact of not having seen did not cool their zeal nor lessen their faith and their hope, nor degrade their merits. Probably many people took them to be followers of a Utopia. . . . There is no doubt that the hope of a coming reconciliation must be preserved to the mass of Christians and to so many holy souls who pray for the union . . . but for the *élite* of this great movement there must be no illusion left: our generation and probably many others after it will not witness the desired unity. . . . Therefore, let us abandon all Utopia and all misleading dreams: we are in the desert and our entrance into the promised land is still far away. . . . Thus the question of the union of churches is not one of immediate realization. However, a work of capital importance should be accomplished at present. . . . The hour is favorable but the time is pressing: later it may be too late. This real work for union consists first of all in the creation of an atmosphere favorable for understanding and mutual esteem; secondly, in the promotion of adaptation in all domains of religious thought and life; finally, in the freeing of the essential elements of Christianity from the ethnical and historical forms which it has adopted in the course of ages, in order to preserve its original expansion and to create a possibility of assimilation for all cultures and all civilizations, because as Pope Benedict XV has said, "The Church of Christ is not Latin, nor Greek, nor Slavic, but Catholic."
>
> But in order to achieve this aim, it is not sufficient to study with fervor the languages, history, theology, liturgy and psychology of the separated churches. . . . The question of the union of churches must be transported from a theological and historical ground to the supernatural and ascetic plane.

Thus we see that the method adopted by the monks of the union has not an immediate aim in view. Though not rejecting entirely the work for individual or mass conversions, they do not make active proselytism a part of their monastic life.

With reference to Russian *émigrés,* who, to certain Catholic zealots, seem to present a fertile ground to work on, Dom Lambert Beauduin makes a very clear statement:

> All excess of zeal [in active proselytism] would be especially culpable if it were to be exercised, as in the case of Russian *émigrés,* at times of national stress and in the midst of the moral and physical sufferings of exile.

Besides the publication of the *Irénikon,* the monks of the union publish a collection of reproductions of ikons, which has obtained a considerable circulation among the Catholics and Orthodox in both Western and Eastern Europe. At the same time they plan to organize a studio for the painting of ikons. For this purpose one of them is studying at present that half-forgotten art in a studio of a Russian old-believer in Paris.

Finally, by according indiscriminate hospitality in their priory to Catholics and Orthodox, and by the establishment of personal relations with prominent members of the Western and Eastern Churches, the Benedictines of Amay-sur-Meuse have broken down many prejudices on both sides.

All this indicates the scope of the work undertaken by the monks of Saint Benedict. In fulfilment of the precepts of Christ, and in accordance with the true spirit of the Catholic Church, this small though active group of real peace-bringers perhaps contributes more toward the final realization of peace on earth than the numerous meetings and conferences of statesmen and politicians. The people of the United States have already given their powerful support to the projects of disarmament of land, naval and air forces; even more important, more valuable and more efficient in the long run will be the support which they can and should give to spiritual disarmament, in order to fulfil Christ's prayer, "Ut *unum sint.*"

Questions

"Do trees have souls?"
I heard him ask,
And my eyes left
My endless task
Of ranging figures
Row on row
And jotting down
Their sums below.

I glanced at him;
He thought me daft,
Because I stared
And softly laughed;
It seemed so strange
That such as he,
Soulless, should ask
About a tree.

EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER.

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THE FOUR LAST THINGS

By SISTER M. MADELEVA

THE FOUR last things, death, judgment, hell and heaven, ethically considered, may have been preoccupations of lyric poetry in the days of Gray and Blake. They are not now. Death, indeed, is the only one of them immune from the attacks of scepticism. There are for the eclectic numerous alternatives in his choice of judgment, heaven and hell. There is also the traditional, dogmatic teaching, which is the Catholic belief today. Upon an articulate, doctrinal faith in God and the four last things Humbert Wolfe has built his lyric sequence, "Requiem."

Forty years ago Francis Thompson wrote in his "Sister Songs":

> If hate were none, would love burn lowlier bright?
> God's fair were guessed scarce but for opposite sin;
> Yea, and His mercy, I do think it well,
> Is flashed back from the brazen gates of hell.

"Requiem" is an elaboration of this theme. It rests upon and grows out of a specific belief that God is glorified even in hell; that souls deprived through their own deliberate and confirmed wills of His presence through eternity, yet contribute to His accidental glory by their acknowledgment of His justice. They are an everlasting and inglorious antithesis of infinite Goodness, a worse than "huge and sheer mistake."

The book should not be read under the shadow of its title, which is the official name for a Mass sung for the dead. It has nothing to do with the rubrics of burial, with the liturgy of the Office and Mass for the dead. It can better be read as a high climax of the best of Wolfe's earlier work, "Humoresque." Profesor Jarrod has called it a more sonorous and intricate, less humane version of "Humoresque." "The criticism of both," he says, "has yet to be written."

"Requiem" is Humbert Wolfe's most distinctive work. It is formed upon a more simple, less ambitious pattern than "Humoresque." It is informed by the most universal of all themes, that of the four last things, and these under certain limitations. Human souls, after death and after judgment, are his subject. These he regards abstractly and again categorically, as the losers and the winners. All the losers in life he classifies as: the common man and the common woman; the soldier and the harlot; the huckster and the nun; the anarchist and the respectable woman. The winners fall under corresponding categories: the lovers, he and she; the builder and the teacher; the saint, he and she; the uncommon man and the uncommon woman. God, heaven, happiness, as the objects of their loss or gain, do not enter into the treatment. The Beatific Vision, mystical union with Christ, ecstatic happiness or supernatural suffering, are not the theme. Humbert Wolfe concerns himself rather with showing how each of the typical losers and winners of life has contributed inevitably, by every mistaken or enlightened aspect of his life, to the purpose of God. The nature of his loss or gain is not considered; the unembittered, humble conviction of every soul that his life, however futile or however fine, has achieved its one significant end in contributing to God's inconceivable plan, is the unfaltering certainty upon which the poem rests. In ensemble or in individual lyrics it sings the song of the smoking flax as of the shining aureole, of the bruised reed as of the morning star. Half its heroes are the prodigal heroes of defeat; half its music is the singing optimism of lost causes. The philosophy of its theme, that God is glorified even in lost souls, explains the limited popularity of the book. The glory of God, as a human enterprise, is today a remote and hazy objective. One's soul, either as a possession or a liability, is almost as obscure. Articulation of the two in a form as highly poetic as it is intricate and varied, becomes by all these conditions comparatively esoteric.

The structure of the poem, however difficult as poetry, is consistent and direct. The two major divisions, each including four types with a man and a woman as exponents, stand simultaneously in perfect balance and contrast, in a nice symmetry of complementary and contrasting pairs, and in ascending climax, the common man and the common woman, at the beginning complementary to each other, have for their apotheosis the uncommon man and the uncommon woman, the final characters. The verse forms present the same conventional constancy. Every person, and "Requiem" is a book of persons, is the subject of three poems: a theme song in six-line decasyllabic stanzas, difficult, intricate, amazingly dexterous, followed by a lyric, delicate usually and fine, concluded by a sonnet. Read in any single sequence these poems would be arresting; read in their regularly varied arrangement they are a highly sustained technical performance. The sonnets are themselves a shining group, distinct, yet with a continuity that reads like a spiritual autobiography.

"Requiem" is spiritual autobiography, severely formed, compositely informed. For it is made out of the various and alluring stuffs of sanctity and sin. The soul of the common man goes into it, that merest mediocrity, the sum of negations of what might have been; the soul of the common woman and her wan failure; the soldier, that mistaken boy who asks what the world has done with the youth he laid aside; the harlot, who out of some dim horror of futility pleads her mistaken means of infinite ends. The soul of the huckster is there, terrifying in its perversion of the golden quest for the quest of gold; the penitent nun, a picture of simple and patient regret. The defiance of the anarchist carries its own

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condemnation; the respectable woman appears a compact of the most damnable smugness, of complete and confirmed arrogance, the quintessential presumption that in the face of death asserts its own righteousness, even should God Himself deny it! Her puritanism, having foregone the innocencies of joy and beauty and love, pleads at last for what she had lost. But earth has no power to rebuild beauty from the sterility of such decay, and so she is undone. These are the losers in life since the world began, condemned to the hell of their own conscious, selfish choice, but even there measuring their loss by the infinite Good that they have rejected, poignatly evaluating their eternity in terms of the infinite Love that they have foregone.

But even in hell failure is not dissociate from holiness; "sin is no more than beauty's other side." And for every loser the poet supplies a saint. The patrons of lost souls furnish the finest single feature in the personnel of "Requiem." There are for the common man and the common woman, Azrael, the most universal of angels, and Mary, the Mother of Christ and the most universal of all women. Michael, the wielder of the sword of God, is the shining patron of soldiers. It is difficult to match anything in the book with the huckster, and the daring of his splendid identification with the elect:

> Was there not a thief
> who had his hour in Jerusalem—
> the thief who won
> (will you give less) upon the Cross his absolution?

Humbert Wolfe believes in sin, original and actual, mortal and venial. He believes in the punishment as well as the forgiveness of sin. He believes in the pain of loss, in the justice of God, in the existence of hell. The losers are his acts of faith in these things.

The winners furnish the sequel, the "Paradiso" to this miniature "Inferno." First, even as in Dante's "Commedia," stand the lovers, he and she, who beyond the romance and the illuminating wonder of discovery, learn that

> Love is greater than the lovers. Love is such
> that all may love, and fail, and yet be rich.

Then come Saint Francis, with his gospel of acceptance, and Saint Joan who understood

> how men are only frightened angels . . .

and even when she burned, she did not blame them, knowing they were men. The uncommon man and the uncommon woman transcend even the conventions of sanctity in their realization that he who loses his life shall save it, "that last sweet treachery of the crucifix." They are humanity's one pattern of perfection beyond sanctity, the pattern of the super-saint. Here again Humbert Wolfe has caught the subtle and the illusive in his beautiful net of imperial verse, and to the service of such quintessential greatness he brings the paradoxical language of apocalypse.

Professor Jarrod said once in a lecture on Humbert Wolfe, "I am not sure that he has yet found his subject-matter or himself. I should not be surprised if the two things proved one and the same; nor yet again, if Mr. Wolfe one day merged both in the Catholic Church." The subject-matter of "Requiem" exists nowhere else today. If it came to him, as he says, "whispered beyond the misted curtain," and if, as he says, "the moment passed," the nuptials of his soul with his most perfect poem are yet to be consummated.

For the students to whom the metaphysical and the theological integrity of "Requiem" mean nothing, there remains the certain, if sometimes erratic, brilliance of its poetry. Criticism of Wolfe in America has been limited to his eccentricities rather than to his possession and control of an elaborate technique, sure penetration, and music sensuous and intense. His usage in capitalization need trouble no one. The present convention is an eighteenth-century device that has fewer reasons for than against it. The worst that can be said for Wolfe is that he is ten years ahead of advertising practice in the matter. Beauty he has in all its prismatic shining, vision, paradox, the exquisite word and the long-sought one.

However unpopular sanctity may be as a pursuit, it is not an infrequent subject for excellent poetry. And no saints have been sung with more ardor or frequency than the *poverello* and the Maid of Orleans. Wolfe has shown no originality in selecting them as types of holiness. It would have been an error to have done so, in the face of their perfect pertinence in the sequence. But he has spoken of the two with a delicacy that is homage, an intimacy that is fraternal, a sweetness to be compared with nothing but its own strength. His philosophy here is the clear and necessary metaphysics of a mystic who understands that "all creation is as simple as a rose." His gospel of flowers is kin to the "Canticle to the Sun" and the sermon to the birds:

> These are not flowers. They are Adam seeing
> the grasses in the empty garden weave
> out of their love the many-colored being
> in which they trembled at the feet of Eve.
>
> These are not flowers. They are Jacob waiting
> for Rachel seven years, and, when she came,
> finding that April has been hesitating
> for seven years to justify her name.

The sonnet which follows speaks the unmistakable language of the mystic. It may be taken as the golden mean of this high song:

> It would be strange here where the bees discover
> the pollen that enriches giver and taker,
> if man the loved should not accept the Lover,
> or in the moment of making refuse the Maker.
> And if a flower in a cup can hold Him,
> is there not room in the heart of a man to fold Him?

"The Teacher" sequence, with the running and untroubled rhythm of its long line, and the quick com-

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petence of the dissyllables, is free and fine. Serious critics are agreed on the singular excellence of "The Soldier." Few will question the perfection with which the poet has realized his desire in this group. It is informed, for all its talk of trenches and arms and death, with an intense coloratura, with the fluency and the flow of *bel canto*. But for the transparency of words for fearful sense and more fearful fact, "The Huckster" is the most grimly adequate poem of the book. "For God's sake take it back" is the frantic cry of the felony of all the world, caught in the blind alley of despair. Against it the poet sets this comment on greed and the treachery it begets:

> There were thirteen that ate together, drinking
> strange wine, and biting on a perilous bread.
> And one was speaking, and the rest were thinking
> more of his eyes than of the things he said.
>
> Most willingly they were caught in the gold's strand
> that bound their hearts only to set them free,
> save one, who heard, and would not understand,
> afraid of blindness, if he dared to see.

The poetics of Aristotle, the philosophy of Wordsworth, the aesthetic creed of Vachel Lindsay, all must find these things beautiful.

The most odious fly in the ointment of Humbert Wolfe verse is, of course, its imperfect and approximate rhymes. They are frequent, unnecessary, deliberate: fellow, swallow; were, star; argent, insurgent—all occur in the first twenty-eight lines of the book. They have for defense only the theory of the author: a line should be written as it occurs to the poet and not altered in deference to a finer fidelity to sound. For better or for worse, these approximations blur when they do not blot the ends of many of his best lines.

Chesterton somewhere remarks that Browning imitates no one, least of all himself. Wolfe imitates Browning patently and to his own detriment. His natural control of the long and the short line need not have been subject to such dependence. His "Coda" suffers distinctly from a forced imitation of the Cavalier tune, "Give a Rouse." The simple device of dropping the word "now" from the ends of the lines would save its poetic life, perhaps. The simpler device of omitting the poem altogether would have saved the book from this summary of anticlimaxes, from this sum of retractions which should be called anything but "The High Song," anything but "Coda."

Since the publication of "Requiem" Humbert Wolfe has written "That Blind Rose" and "The Uncelestial City." They repeat its weaknesses but neither its beauty nor its strength. They are so regrettably anticlimatic that one can scarcely regard them as anything else. Among the collected lyrics in "That Blind Rose" one may find a meager half-dozen as good as the least arresting things in "Requiem" and much that is fairly meaningless in all save the oral meaning of rhyme and rhythm. "The Uncelestial City" is more disappointing, as it is so patently more ambitious. Louis Untermeyer describes it as "a curious and inconsistent composition, contradictory even in its own terms . . . a satire on modern life, but a satire surrounded by too many buttercups and nightingales." The imposition of a lyric form and a sociological mission upon a medley of modern life has not resulted in a major poem. The itch for making books is a pernicious ailment, for which the patience of paper is no antidote. Its traces are here. Perhaps also, the shadow of "Requiem." But most of all, the poet's bondage to form conditions and distorts the lyric life of his poetry and wastes its beauty on a dead thing.

A Cambridge professor tells of an undergraduate who, after his lecture on Humbert Wolfe, asked him when he was going to talk on P. G. Wodehouse. The question, apart from its flippancy, is somewhat oracular. It carries at least two implications and three compliments. One of them is for the poet. The undergraduate could not be expected to know that. Humbert Wolfe is a writer too important to be ignored, too profound to be immediately understood. He believes in the potential perfection of every man, and in the consequent responsibility of every man for his own voluntary imperfection. His norm of perfection is God; man's pattern is divine will. Happiness or unhappiness depends on conformity to this will. Life is one's opportunity to make one's choice. Recognition of the consequences is the business of eternity. Briefly, he believes in the four last things. And he has, for the promulgation of his creed, as fine a technical medium as that in the power of any living poet. His song may not be popular. It is exalted.

Belated Season

Come, hoary winter, blow the year together!
Collect the lazy intervals we lost!
Now brace a month with sane and honest weather
And stiffen up the wilted days with frost!
So many nights I hear your silver hammer
Beat down the moon to spread her wafer-thin;
You whet her fading edge with tedious clamor;
The rim is sharpened. . . . Let the storm begin!
Embroider sheets to lay on pond and river
And tuck the grass beneath an eider-down;
The cycle waits; the ailing month a-shiver
Leans thin and old in rags of autumn brown.
Push on the lagging year before the garden
Unseasonally lifts a drowsy head! . . .
A plant must have a time to sleep and harden—
Now curl the drift and lay the velvet spread!
Let all our dusty joys be swept and blended
And pile the dry delights of spring and fall
To warm the mind till shabby thoughts are mended;
The shrunken soul has need of stretching tall—
O give us each recess from whip or tether;
A shuttered night of genial afterglow
That time may draw the broken seams together. . . .
Come, healing winter, settle us with snow!

ALICE DICKINSON.

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MEETING THE SALARY CUT

ANONYMOUS

ONE DAY I took it into my head to write a list of all the things we needed to make home more attractive and ourselves more comfortable. I reasoned to myself that the way prices had been tumbling lately from high to low surely justified me in using some of our small bank balance for the objects of my desire. Never in all my married life had rugs and furniture been so ridiculously low-priced; and clothing —why, it seemed downright unthrifty not to buy, and keep on buying, underwear for all of us and such outer wear as would not be in danger of becoming old-fashioned.

It was on a Saturday morning that I went prowling about the house with creative eyes, in a reckless orgy of intensive planning. I visualized a bookcase there, a lounge-chair here, new rugs all over the place, conveniences in the kitchen I had always longed for, the shelves of the linen-closet piled high with sheets and pillow-cases, dresser drawers filled with tiers of clothing, new suits and dresses hanging in the closets—a house overflowing with an abundance of everything.

I thrilled with anticipative pride of possession and could scarcely wait for Clem to make his appearance that I might open my lips and let all these inspired new ideas flow therefrom in such fluent, convincing words that he could only say, "Go to it, old girl," with all the enthusiasm in the world.

And it was in the afternoon of that same Saturday that Clem brought home the devastating news that the salary of every man in the office had been cut 15 percent. So when I opened my lips it was not to talk, but merely to take in a large mouthful of air in my stupefaction. And instead of Clem's telling me to "Go to it, old girl," he said, "Buck up, honey. Anyway, I haven't been let go altogether."

Once there was a most ludicrous novelty sold on city sidewalks, called the dying duck—a bladder in the shape of a duck, blown to a round and puffy bloat which, when released, gradually deflated and, with a piteous long-drawn moan, shrank to nothing but a wisp of wrinkled rubber. Well, when I heard Clem's news, and my dreams all went to nothing, I felt exactly as that dying duck looked when in the throes of losing its wind.

This, however, was not the time to topple over, moan and die like the duck. It was the time to sharpen all one's senses and be on guard; and the thing that needed guarding most was that small bank balance, some of which I had so rosily planned to subtract. But not now—oh, no—for the subtraction had been made elsewhere and, with Clem's salary reduced, the bank balance must be kept intact for the unexpected.

Money looked different to me now. It was the wherewithal that permitted us to go on living. No cash, no food; no food, no life. From the beginning of the month on, for no one knew how long, there would be just so much less cash coming in each payday. Somehow or other that difference had to be saved, and it was up to me, the budget-tender of the family, to do it. I must guard the outgo—I must reduce each item in the budget—in order to get through on the smaller amount.

No wonder that the ways and means of economy were constantly in my thoughts. I formed the habit of deliberating over each thing I wanted to buy. I would say to myself: "Do I really need this? Can I get along without it?" Then I would pause and consider. I found that the use of this little slogan, checking my spendthrift impulses as it did, prevented many a foolish purchase.

Yet it was hard not to spend when money could do so much more than it had in years. I just had to keep away from those long center tables in the department stores where money may be frittered away on little useless nothings. I hastened by them, for what eyes see not, heart cannot long for. But when I really did need something, how I would compare advertisements and go from store to store until I had captured the best of all the bargains!

All this made me feel more and more like the heroine in a tale of everyday life, and I took keen inward pleasure in dramatizing myself as such. But heroines are sometimes called upon to do more than just break even with fate, especially if they tempt fate by indulging in self-congratulations, as I found out later. That was the day when Clem came home with grey, drawn face to tell me that another 10 percent had been hewn from his salary. And this time it was I who administered the encouragement. I said to Clem, "Buck up, old boy. Anyway, they haven't let you go altogether." And he answered grimly, "Not yet."

Well, if the first had been a blow, this was very nearly a knock-out. Almost, but not quite, for when such things happen, what can a person do but just collect his scattered wits and use them to fight with circumstances as best he can? So I went at it.

It meant a ruthless doing without that was bitter enough until we became somewhat used to it. One never becomes wholly used to involuntary self-denial.

I found that I could save a great deal on food. It is surprising how one can cut down butcher and grocer bills and still give the body all it needs of the essentials.

It is surprising, too, how clothes can be darned and mended and kept in use so long after they seem utterly done for. I can make napkins from old table-cloths, pillow-cases from old sheets, and rugs from any old rags that can be dyed and cut into strips. I have learned to save the laundry bill—to wash and iron and to "do"

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a man's shirt as well as any Chinaman can. I have learned, sometimes with tears in my eyes, to do many things that had seemed beyond my strength and ability, for unaccustomed poverty tries both soul and body.

It is distressing to abide in a damp, chilly house during those first cold days of autumn, because coal is precious and must be hoarded until winter is unmistakably with us. It is hard to deny your children so many of the simple things they long for, the possession of which gives them standing with other children. It is a bitter thing for a woman to see the man she loves growing sadder, greyer and more silent day by day, as he goes, fear-haunted, to his office job. For always, as in the old childish game, something "heavy, heavy, hangs over your head," and who knows what greater forfeit there may be yet to pay?

At various times in my life, when unexpected, large bills hung over us like dark clouds, I had gone through seasons of determined economy and had felt that doing without was not a misfortune, nor a disgrace, nor anything to feel martyred about. It had seemed like an adventure full of tests and difficulties surmounted, really quite interesting because there was always the certainty of better times coming.

But this is different. Try as I may, although I do take a kind of grim pride in my skill at managing on next to nothing, I cannot seem to get into the spirit of this particular fight with circumstances. I cannot think of it as an adventure nor of myself as a heroine. But I am not altogether without hope that my imagination will function again and eventually will idealize what is now so cruel and so real. Perhaps, some day, when I am no longer desperately hanging by my fingernails to this precipice of hard times, I shall look back and the space, or time—whichever it is—between then and now will give the whole thing a different perspective, so that this portion of my life will seem less like an endurance test and more like the interesting crisis in the life of a woman in a story.

For it is one of the true things that all earthly states and conditions must come to an end. Stocks, crushed to earth, will rise again; salaries, like other down-and-outers, will stage a come-back; restored bonuses will take on all the magic and thrill of the first one ever received; and our children, bless them, will emerge from all this welter of the world's distress. And they will face the new prosperity with greater wisdom for having known what it means to be poor.

Retreating Friendship

In earlier day we said:
Affection is secure;
It is not forced or led.
No longer sure
Of hallowed certainty
I have erased the mind,
As mendicants that see
Mimic the blind.

J. V. Cunningham.

CATHOLIC HISTORY

By MARGARET M. WILLIAMSEN

WITH two notable exceptions, the papers read at the annual convention of the American Catholic Historical Association at Minneapolis, struck a note of cheerfulness for the present condition of the Church in Europe. The exceptions are, of course, Russia and Spain. Elsewhere, and the papers covered England, Ireland, Germany, France, Italy, Poland and Belgium, the Church is in no immediate danger of assault or despoliation and in certain countries her prestige has greatly increased since the close of the war.

Reverend Edmund J. Walsh, S.J., scored the Soviet régime. "Without the informing spirit of active irreligion, world revolution, for the Bolshevik philosopher, becomes stale, flat and unprofitable. It is an error to conceive or speak of the anti-religious campaign in Russia as an isolated conflict between Church and State regarding their respective rights and jurisdictions."

In Spain, the Church is in grave peril of the republic. Dr. Marie R. Madden declared: "The present constitution establishes a radical Socialistic republic which aims to control the Church by restrictions on religious orders and by a system of lay education. Easy divorce, socialization of the family and confiscation of church and other property are provided for in the new constitution, which also leaves a loophole for a dictatorship. To carry out the provisions of the new constitution, more laws will be necessary. Whether the Cortes will pass these remains for the future." Dr. Madden hazarded the belief that Spanish Catholics, who in recent years have been educated in principles of Catholic Action, will be able to stem the tide of radicalism.

To a series of various political events, the Church in Ireland, England, France, Italy and Poland owes its present flourishing condition.

"Irish emancipation greatly improved the condition of Catholics in the Free State, but in the northeast not as much can be said," Dr. James Francis Kenney declared. "If anything, the hardships and handicaps of Catholics have increased."

The inadequacy of English Protestanism to meet the intellectual challenge of the age or avert the economic debacle which followed the war has rebounded to the prestige of Catholicism. "The economic calamities of England found the Catholics in a favored position, not in their pocketbooks, but in their minds," Dr. Daniel Sargent said. "Some of them, like Hilaire Belloc and the Dominican, Father Vincent McNabb, had prophesied since before the war these very calamities. But Catholics as Catholics cannot as yet hope to bring soundness to England. They cannot lead but they have a work which they can do, and that is learning, themselves, and disseminating among others the Catholic principles of social justice."

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In France the Church enjoys peace at present but it is only temporary. Reverend Dr. Charles L. Souvay, expressed the opinion that the anti-clerical program of Edouard Hérriot in 1924 failed mainly because he did not reckon on the changed spirit of the French nation after the war. "Anti-clericalism is only resting now. The present period is one of relative quiet before hostilities are resumed, but the prospect of French Catholics presenting a united front when the next blow is struck does not appear likely at the present time," Father Souvay added.

Despite the fact that the Vatican and Mussolini have brushed against each other almost constantly since the questions of papal sovereignty and the relations of the Papacy and the Italian state have been settled, Reverend Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., declared: "All things being equal, the chances of the Church to flourish in Italy are the best in all Europe." While not belittling the differences which have arisen between Pope Pius XI and Mussolini, these differences, Father Parsons explained, have been settled for the time being, at least, to the satisfaction of the Church.

Intense nationalism, kept alive by the Poles through years of persecution, which finally won for them their civil and religious liberties anew, is in a fair way to disrupt their newly acquired political unity. Dr. Leonid Strakhovsky said: "The most serious problem which the Polish nation must face today is the demands of the Ruthenian minority. The Ruthenians, adherents of the Uniate rite, are more afraid of Latinization by the Poles than of proselytization by their Russian Orthodox neighbors. This trouble would not be so serious if it were not for the fact that there is danger of politics and religion again becoming entangled in Poland."

"The war had evil effects on German Catholicism in several ways," Reverend Francis S. Betten, S.J., remarked. "Catholics now compose 31 percent of the population instead of 36 percent and have lost 10 percent to 15 percent of the seats in elective bodies. German missionary work was seriously disrupted in the years following the war, by reason of the German missionaries being expelled from the former German colonies, but since 1925 this rigorous ban has been somewhat relaxed by the victorious nations and German missionary work is now increasing."

Right Reverend Monsignor Victor Day said, in speaking of Belgium: "It is the boast of Belgium that the country has been Catholic for 1500 years, is Catholic and hopes to remain Catholic until the crack of doom. Since 1886 the Belgian government has been Catholic, and this fact has been manifested in the great amount of social legislation which has been enacted."

The foregoing papers will be published, probably by fall, in one volume to be called "The Catholic Church in Contemporary Europe."

While it may be that we are too close to the war to gain a proper perspective, the optimistic tone of these papers, each entailing a great amount of research work, points to the fact that the Catholic Church, in the midst of the moral and economic ruin which has followed the conflict, has been able to offer leadership to the disillusioned people of Europe. Catholic Action, mainly lay, if it is successful would be the answer to continued leadership. Fortunately, in all countries of Europe discussed at this meeting, with the exception of Russia, lay education in Catholic Action has been well taken care of and is being taken care of now through numerous means.

WALKING WITH LINDSAY

By A. LONGFELLOW FISKE

IT WAS my very great personal pleasure back in the war days to spend many hours in the company of Vachel Lindsay, Springfield's little-understood and much underestimated poet, whose death occurred December 5, 1931.

Most emphatically was it true that the good people of Springfield, with few exceptions, failed to appraise accurately the genius of their native son. They thought him odd and "queer." I distinctly remember meeting Mr. Lindsay one Monday morning on the street when he greeted me with the remark, "Well, well, I see that you got a poem of yours on the front page of the *State-Register* [the leading local paper] yesterday. You've done more than I ever could, for I have tried for fifteen years to get my poetry published by that paper and I never made it!" This comment interested me, and I asked the editor, Mr. Clendenin, if it were true. He laughingly replied, "Yes, Lindsay is right. In years past he has sent us many poems, but we always threw them in the waste-basket, for none of the staff could understand them!"

We used to take long walks together, especially on Saturday evenings when the business streets were crowded with people. Why Mr. Lindsay always insisted upon our walking straight through those crowds while he repeated a favorite line from Swinburne or a stanza of his own latest poem, then hot in the crucible of creation, and always in a rather loud and raucous voice, was a question I could not answer. I can see him now on one particular Saturday evening as we were walking past Woolworth's, where the crowd always seemed to be thickest. Suddenly he remembered that he was writing a new poem, and he proceeded to repeat it to me in clear, ringing notes while he pounded out the rhythm on the sidewalk with his heavy black cane:

"Andrew Jackson was eight feet tall.
His arm was a hickory limb and a maul."

I must confess that I felt a bit conspicuous and self-conscious, for I sensed countless eyes riveted upon us and noted that the faces registered both mirth and astonishment. Mr. Lindsay was not in the least disconcerted, and in fact seemed entirely oblivious to his interested and curious audience.

It was that same night that we passed a cheap public dance hall. We could hear the jazz orchestra going at full speed. The poet stopped abruptly, listened for a moment and then said, "Come on, we'll go up there! I'm hunting for a rhythm and I believe that that dance will give it to me!"

Before I could remonstrate, I found myself climbing the narrow, rickety stairs, and in another minute we were feeling our way along the side of a large dance floor to deposit ourselves in seats where we would not be trampled upon. The room was hot and stuffy, and the floor was crowded with couples moving

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to the broken rhythm of the orchestra. I sat stolidly with my feet tucked under my chair to avoid their being stepped on, and I was not in the least interested in observing the gay crowd, composed mostly of farmer boys and their girl friends. Instead, I watched my companion and studied his face closely. He sat erect as a post and seemed to be gazing into space, listening, I am sure, to the murderous music, and catching rhythms and scraps of melody, which he alone could hear. "I have it!" he suddenly whispered to me, and taking my arm he almost dragged me out of the hall and down the stairs to the street. I took a deep breath of pure air.

Certainly a man who could listen to a circus calliope and put its blatant music into a poem, could just as easily listen to a cheap dance orchestra and the rhythmic shuffling of the dancers' feet and find in it all a "new rhythm" and a subject for verse. For some time after we had left, Mr. Lindsay was a bit less loquacious, and lost in his thoughts. I am sure that he was hearing echoes of that miserable dance hall and seeing visions, perhaps of an ancient viking's court with its hilarious festivities or a more humble "Cottar's Saturday Night." It was all very strange to me, but I realized that I was with a man who, unlike most of us, possessed at least a "touch of genius."

Readers and critics have always misunderstood him, even thought him humorous and grotesque. But the truth is that his passion for rhythm led him into seemingly ludicrous situations, inspiring him to write literary monstrosities which in reality were not in the least funny to their author, but were only his sincere effort to express in words the rhythms which he heard so clearly, as, for instance, in "The Kallyope Yell," "The Congo," and "General William Booth Enters into Heaven." Many an audience has wanted to laugh out loud when it heard him intone,

> "Beware, beware, walk with care,
> Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom."

But there was nothing humorous about this to the poet. It was reality to him and as he chanted it he was only interpreting the Negro character through rhythm as well as words. All life, to him, was one ceaseless melody of broken and unbroken rhythm, and from the "sweet, sweet" call of the Rachel Jane to the snorting, roaring discord of the onrushing automobiles and trains in his "Santa Fé Trail," he was hearing rhythm symphonies which charmed and intoxicated him, and which he longed to make his readers hear with him. Life, to him, was rhythm, and the passion of his soul was to pass this on to others.

One of the poet's characteristics which always impressed me was his utter lack of egotism. He was humble, almost naive, in his remarks concerning himself and his abilities. I shall never forget how he came to my home and read to me the typewritten manuscript of his forthcoming book entitled, "The Chinese Nightingale and Other Poems." He remarked, "I want to read them to you, and if you can suggest any change, such as a better word occasionally, I want you to do it." He sat there in my study and read them all, with his deep mellow voice, sometimes a bit sonorous and sometimes resolving itself into a chant. Later, he read to me the entire manuscript of his "Golden Book of Springfield," which was eloquent with the love he felt for his native city, and unfolded his philosophy of art and beauty. It is needless to say that I did not venture a criticism of a line of his writing, for I realized that he was the master and I but the novice. But his asking me to do this, most certainly revealed the poet's humility.

The puritan and reformer in Lindsay could be easily discerned by anyone who knew him. While he was somewhat liberal in his theology, he was unyielding in his moral principles and was something of a John Calvin in his desire to see certain scruples of his applied to everybody. He hated liquor, and when I knew him he was an ardent prohibitionist. The only time I ever saw him manifest personal pride was one evening when, during one of our long walks, he told me how he was at least partly responsible for the Lincoln dinner, held annually in Springfield, becoming strictly a dry affair. He said that several years before he had been invited to be one of the speakers at this dinner, and at the same time the privilege was requested to print one of his poems on the menu card. Being well acquainted with the procedure of former Lincoln dinners, he quickly voiced his decision in the matter. Only upon one condition could the poem be used, he insisted, and that was that all intoxicating liquors should be eliminated from the event. The committee agreed to this ultimatum, and the poet had the pleasure of attending the first Lincoln dinner in history at which no wine or champagne was served. Since that day, he informed me proudly, the bone-dry custom had been strictly adhered to.

Of all the many delightful conversations which we had together, during the months of my personal association with him, I think the one which stands out most prominently in my memory is that of a crisp autumn night when he related to me with almost boyish enthusiasm the story of how he finally won over his stubborn father to his side. Doctor Lindsay, a physician, had persistently objected to his son's following the uncertain occupation of artist or poet. The doctor had built up a large practice in Springfield and naturally wanted to see his son reap the benefit of it and be his successor. There had been several rather fiery discussions between father and son upon the subject, but the son always emerged adamant in his decision not to study medicine. Finally, the young man, ambitious and adventurous, went to New York City, where he spent some time studying art but more time in hard, unremitting labor, earning hardly enough to keep soul and body together. These were hectic, lonesome days for the aspiring artist, and at times discouraging if not disillusioning.

One day the young student received a telegram from his father which stirred conflicting emotions in him, for it stated that his parents, Doctor and Mrs. Lindsay, were to arrive in New York the following day, and were planning to take him with them on an extended trip to Europe. The telegram stimulated an inner conflict in the mind of the budding artist, who had long dreamed of such a visit to the Old World, where he could spend hours and days in galleries studying the works of the masters, but he had refused to submit to his father's will and had proved a disobedient son. Then, how could he consistently accept his parent's kind offer?

After a sleepless night, keen desire overcame pride, and young Lindsay met his parents at their hotel.

That ocean voyage was one that the poet could never forget. It was a week of misery, for hour after hour and day after day the good doctor strove with his son, endeavoring by parental persuasion and logical reasoning to convince him that he was nothing less than a fool to persist in following his artistic ambitions. The older man used strong and, at times, rather vitriolic language in arguing with the stubborn youth. Why—why—should a boy deliberately refuse to fit himself for a profession when he could inherit a father's lucrative practice, and turn away from all this to tread the rocky pathway of art and literature which, fifty chances to one, would lead only into a morass of failure and humiliation?

Finally the shores of the Old World were reached, and there soon began a tour of its interesting cities, historical places, ca-

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thedrals and galleries. Doctor Lindsay had little appreciation of art, but one day early in the tour, Vachel persuaded him to visit a certain noted gallery. Father and son stood before a famous canvas, and the son described it, analyzed it, and related much of interest in the painter's life. He revealed an intelligence and an intimate knowledge of art and artists which astounded his father, who had thought of his son only as a hopeless and impossible dreamer.

"That's enough, Vachel," the father suddenly interrupted, "you do know something, don't you—about pictures! Come with me!"

With this peremptory command, he led his son triumphantly back to the hotel, and there gathered together several of the guests who he insisted should accompany them to the gallery where they should listen to a lecture on art and artists by a young art student, none other than his son! Mr. Lindsay told me of how the group gathered about various canvases, his father in the center, while he joyfully unfolded some of the knowledge and insight which he had gleaned by hard study in the art school. From that time on Vachel Lindsay had an understanding father, who believed in his son and desired to see him succeed in his chosen work.

Mr. Lindsay related this story to me with real gusto and feeling, although he laughed about it, since the humor of the situation was most apparent. It could not help but give him satisfaction to know that he had won over an obdurate father, and more than that, had justified his course by achieving final success and distinction.

As I look back upon those pleasant months of association with Vachel Lindsay, I recall a most delightful, human and gentle personality. He was a good friend and companion. Outwardly he was not different from other men, in dress or in speech. There is not a vestige of doubt in my mind that he was a genius, that he will live in American literature, and that the world's appreciation of him will increase, not diminish, with the years. He possessed that priceless thing known as originality; he was an innovator just as truly as Edgar Allen Poe was; he was a singer of rare sweetness and beauty; he was a master of rhythm; and, without a question, he has contributed to the literature of this day certain poems which will live despite all adverse pronouncements.

The American Keats of this generation, he can no more be relegated to the discard than was the young English poet in his time. "Endymion" still lives in spite of the critics, and so also shall live the finer works of Vachel Lindsay, America's "troubadour poet."

Return

You shelter me by day from want and fear
With food and raiment and a house to tend,
And from recurrent care my soul defend
With comradeship and counsel ever near.
And when at evening's close the night is here,
You wind the clocks and to the doors attend
And bank the fires and up the stairway lend
A gallant arm, calling me "Lady Dear."

Later, in listening darkness I awake,
And hear you breathing heavily in repose.
Then would my spirit shelter you indeed!
Folding you safe in yearning prayers to make
A house of plenteousness for all your need,
A home of tenderness for all your woes!

MARY BRENNAN CLAPP.

COMMUNICATIONS

FEED MY SHEEP

Toledo, Ohio.

TO the Editor: There are evident signs to support the belief that America, and for that matter, all the civilized nations on the face of the globe are emerging from an era of spiritual, no less than material, bankruptcy. However persistently the realists command us to reduce our theories to their lowest value, it is evident that these signs exist and are supported by a special kind of reasoning. An artist, rather more successfully than a philosopher, can see them written in the eyes of the men about him.

It is not the purpose of this letter to treat the world-wide economic depression as a scientific problem, nor is it the aim of the writer to show how this problem might have been avoided. Whatever purpose or aim I may have is contained in the suggestion that the world faces material bankruptcy because Providence wills it; is suggested in the thought that the problems under which the entire world of men struggle for relief are somewhat divine in their origin, as the source of all "power" is divine. Our blind, stumbling efforts to achieve prosperity again have brought to light a new problem: are we facing "spiritual bankruptcy" too?

For several years, during a period which we now recall as the distant past, so great has been our suffering, America enjoyed the benefits of an unprecedented material prosperity. Along with European nations, our chief concern was that we might speedily recover from the grim disasters rising out of a great war. Our desire to effect this recovery from the wounds of that conflict, suppressed all other national motives, and the cry "Back to Normalcy" became, indeed, the supreme end of our national life. We pursued this course with an eye single to the needs of the hour, and men, everywhere and in every station in life, reaped the fruits of an artificial but welcome progress. At that time industrialism came into full flower, and most visionaries proclaimed the death and virtual obliteration of poverty. There was no demand for charity then; no use for philanthropy then; no need for an active benevolence. Forgotten, then, the impractical ideals which, but a short time before, the leaders of the world had sponsored; forgotten, then, the promise which would have joined America in "An Association of Nations" for the purpose of insuring that universal peace which the common brotherhood of man commends. Present, then, the hopes and ambitions and material comforts for which men labor; but present, too, the doubts and suspicions of men who could not understand the moral prospects of the crisis through which they had passed.

Governments, in a mad plunge to reconstruct their physical advantages, as well as to alter their international obligations, retreated from positions where they had placed sound trust in the permanency of a new order. Old principles were revived; new hatreds were born. The old system of intercourse reëstablished; new competitive instruments employed; and in all the world no single influence appeared to induce men to weigh and consider; no one to encourage men to cultivate energy without impatience; no authority to produce activity without restlessness; no one to demand inflexibility without ill-humor. Then came prosperity. Then came an era of plenty; and for some occult reason the universal greed of men and nations became intensified.

If the social revolution in America, in the early part of the nineteenth century, produced a change in spirit rather than a change of laws, it is reasonable to believe that the industrial evolution, which created universal prosperity, promoted a change

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of standards. These new standards, in turn, endangered our national spirit. As in 1800, three hopeful conditions held during our recent prosperous era. These were: the exploitation of unlimited opportunities for the individual in an industrial age, rather than the abundance of natural resources and free land; the intellectual activity among even the masses, rather than among the upper class, or among merely the agricultural classes; and the singular growth of that peculiar American talent for mechanical invention. But precisely because the new standards endangered our spirit, an injection had to occur in order to rescue the minds and hearts of men from the self-destruction of overindulgence. Possibly one might call it the law of cause and effect. It is only certain that after an exceptional period of prosperity, world-wide movements would naturally reflect the approach of an economic depression.

What were these world-wide movements? Can they be analyzed? The writer suggests that they cannot be analyzed with any great assurance that the analysis will be correct, simply because we have never been able to determine precisely where the line of demarcation lies between one historic force and another. The study is too vast to be confined within the scope of one subject; racial ideals and native endowments enter into it. But men, everywhere, are agreed that an economic depression arrived and with it an unbelievable amount of suffering. Suffering which, as one writer remarked, "is really a revelation." Suffering in which one discerns things one never discerned before. And America, seemingly as a unit, discovered and discerned in her suffering, the true test of her greatness, the simple test of her strength. Then it was that we recalled our old forest philosophy, which has always been the true philosophy of American democracy. But we soon discovered that forest philosophy might fail to revive the economic life of our nation. We soon discovered that pioneer methods could not rescue the unemployed in the face of our new industrialism. Commonly, we had given little thought to the prospect of a machine age exhausting our pioneering spirit. And did that occur? Yes! The pioneering spirit of America is virtually exhausted, else we should never have been compelled to turn to public charity. But worse than demanding public charity has been the utter absence of optimism with which public charity has, in the first place, been proffered, and in the second place, with which public charity has been received.

Moreover, whether or not the remedial measures, which governments were forced to adopt in an effort to relieve distress, shall fail in the end, the general belief soon took hold, that these measures, and other human conceptions of relief, cannot balance or remove the crushing weight imposed by industrial depressions or developments. When men approach the border-line of despair, they invariably turn from one doubt to another, until forced, by nature itself, to observe the spiritual values of life. When men despair they become strangely humble, and when men are humble, they come near to being divine. So that it is my thought that if civilization itself is to survive the stirring effects of this world-wide depression, the minds of men will have to turn once more toward that so-called "mellow philosophy of Catholicism"—a philosophy which, throughout the centuries, has been an indispensable guardian of truth. Man once more, with his doubts, and in his despair, must turn to his Creator.

Now obviously a statement of that sort cannot be made without arousing a wide range of prejudicial comment. Obvious, too, that the incurability of our major ills rests largely upon our susceptibility to prejudicial standards. Out of prejudicial standards the depression sprang! Out of the fiercest contention its remedy has been delayed!

Call it a momentous problem, the solution of which lies in governmental recognition of the sanctity of the individual's right to live; call it a historic force operating under the weight of civilization; and when you have said these things, and have reflected upon their worth, you cannot avoid the conclusion that something intangible has disappeared, and that something, likewise intangible, must replace that which is gone. That something is the power to inspire self-reliance in the minds of men. That power must emanate from God.

In my humble opinion there must be no delay. Now is the time for a Catholic revival! This is the divine command: "Feed my lambs. Feed my sheep."

CARL FREDERICK BAUER.

AN INTERREGNUM OF GENIUS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: In "Matthias at the Door," Robinson has only again repeated himself. In the opinion of a man who was very close to him for the first ten years of his career this poet has never excelled—nor equaled—the spontaneity and the freshness that glows throughout "Captain Craig," and several of the earlier poems.

In "Captain Craig" he has given us a philosophy of life—a natively pessimistic one, for he is of the stark New England heritage—and while, as Mr. Robinson is almost wholly lacking in the dramatic sense, he never succeeds in projecting a full-length figure of his "Captain," he nevertheless tells us about all there is to tell of his own way of "seeing life clearly" through him. It follows that there are bits—up to large slices—of "Captain Craig" in everything, except a very few shorter poems and a few of the sonnets, that he has given us since, enough indeed, to provoke one earnest reader to the anxious query, "How long, oh! Lord, how long?" Why such a saturnine philosophy of life over and over again? Is it not enough once and for all through the mouth of the old captain? It becomes banal, corrosive, by this utterly inexcusable repetition. In fact, it degenerates into a mere show of numbers, and thus becomes simply destructive of all art.

We are living in an interregnum of genius. It is the twilight of the gods. The muses are seen straying about the lower slopes of Parnassus, half-distraught! Only Terpsichore of all the nine flaunts herself more madly than ever on these same lower slopes. Truly it seems that as in those immortal closing lines of the "Dunciad," "Art after art goes out, and all is night." And at times it appears as if the very blackness of spiritual darkness were upon us. But if the dawn is vouchsafed again, a wiser generation will proclaim that the poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson contained only occasional lines and short passages that were touched with the true afflatus, and that the bulk of his writing is rather bald prose. "These be thy Gods, O Israel."

JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH.

LETTERS OF FATHER PROUT

Webster Groves, Mo.

TO the Editor: I am engaged upon a biography of Father Prout (Reverend Francis Sylvester Mahony, 1804-1866), humorist, scholar, an intimate of many famous literary men such as Thackeray and Carlyle, and who described himself as an "Irish potato seasoned with Attic salt." If any of the readers of THE COMMONWEAL have letters or other information about Father Prout, will they please communicate with me?

CYRIL CLEMENS.

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DOCTRINE FOR TODAY

St. Louis, Mo.

TO the Editor: It is seldom that the undersigned has the pleasure of agreeing with that excellent Catholic layman and accomplished professor of the social sciences, Dr. John A. Lapp, on any subject except the articles of the Faith, the weather and considerable tracts of politico-economic and sociological material. It has always seemed to the present writer that Dr. Lapp had in many important respects the mind of an Anglo-Saxon Puritan rather than of a Catholic.

However, certain statements of his made in your issue of December 23, 1931, in review of Dr. John A. Ryan's recent book, "Questions of the Day," are certainly perfectly sound. Doctor Lapp speaks as follows: "The present reviewer dissents from the implied conclusion that national prohibition interferes with individual liberty while state or local prohibition does not. It is hard to follow the thought that interference with liberty depends on the size of a geographical unit. Of course, national prohibition is no more intolerant than state prohibition, except that it affects more people."

Dr. Lapp is surely right. There is ultimately only one sure ground on which to base opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act: the use of alcoholic liquors is a part of the ancient good cheer and conviviality of the earth; God's good gift to man "for the stomach's sake" as well as for a certain psychic relaxation and release. It is a natural right of which no man may be deprived by any government—national, regional or local—unless that particular individual has proved himself incapable of making an ethical use thereof. The fact that a considerable number of people abuse alcoholic liquors as a beverage gives the state certain rights of meticulous regulation in regard to the traffic in alcoholic liquors, which it has not with reference to the traffic in the majority, perhaps the large majority, of commodities. But it is, in the grand language of Saint Thomas Aquinas, a "species of violence" and not a legitimate exercise of governmental authority, whenever any government—national, state or local—makes it impossible or very difficult for the large majority of mankind (who have never habitually or frequently abused alcoholic liquors as a beverage) to obtain alcoholic beverages legally.

Hurrah for Gilbert K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc! Mr. Chesterton is right as usual; and even for once—or for perhaps a little oftener than once—Mr. Belloc!

And up to a certain point, as I began by saying—alas that that point is not further along!—Dr. Lapp is right too.

REV. RUSSELL WILBUR.

INDUSTRIAL RESEARCH GROUP

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Those of your readers who are interested in research on the labor problem, whether as producers of research studies or as consumers, may be interested to know of the existence of the Industrial Research Group. This organization attempts to act as a clearing-house for students of labor problems and for those who may wish to build upon their work. Guides to research with bibliographical notes are available for free distribution to students interested in the following subjects: (1) The Intellectual and the Labor Movement; (2) Consumers' Power; (3) Managers in the Profit System; (4) The Labor Injunction; (5) Agricultural Prosperity and Labor Unionism.

LUCY M. KRAMER,
Secretary, Industrial Research Group,
Columbia University, New York City.

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Robin Hood

MR. MILTON ABORN and his Civic Light Opera Company have given us, by and large, as many hours of sheer delight as any other theatrical group in New York this last year. At the time when Mr. Aborn's company was producing its first successful series of Gilbert and Sullivan revivals, I expressed the hope that the company might gradually turn into an institution and that before long we might enjoy revivals of many other light operas including Reginald De Koven's "Robin Hood." The hoped-for has become an actuality and "Robin Hood," with a splendid cast of singers, with its delightful melodies and chorals, and with a scenic production that is at least adequate, is now to be seen at Erlanger's Theatre.

It cannot be said in all fairness that "Robin Hood" is better than "The Student Prince" or several similar operettas which have appeared over the last decade. But it can be said that the De Koven work holds its own extraordinarily well and that in orchestration, in melody, and in the romantic touch necessary for all work of this character it is far less thin and out of date than such a work as "The Merry Widow."

As usual, Mr. Aborn has spared no pains to make his production a vocal delight. Both in the Gilbert and Sullivan revivals and in the later series, whatever shortcomings the Civic Light Opera Company may reveal are on the side of inadequate staging and of a chorus which in looks resembles a group of community singers rather than a gathering selected for the theatre. But to make up for this, there is not only great vocal excellence in the chorus but there is also an obvious spirit of pleasant coöperation among all the singers, and the leading artists invariably are of a much higher caliber than those chosen for many more pretentious performances. Howard Marsh, for example, is a much more than satisfactory tenor. He is not an actor of any extraordinary romantic charm and he is quite incapable, let us say, of swashbuckling in the manner of Denis King, but his voice is always clear and true, his phrasing excellent, and his personality pleasing. The diminutive Vivian Hart, who has many times taken the leading soprano rôles with this group, is subordinated in the present production to the second soprano rôle of Annabel—but for an excellent reason, namely, that her rendering of that third act song, "When a Maiden Weds," is one of the most exquisite bits of vocal artistry emerging from the entire piece and has inimitable charm. Charlotte Lansing, who takes the part of Lady Marian, is a newcomer to this particular group and lends ample graciousness and vocal delicacy to many songs. But it is probably the rich and colorful contralto of Eleanor La Mance, recently of the Metropolitan Opera Company, which marks the high point of the musical side of "Robin Hood." As Allan-A-Dale, she sings, of course, the famous song, "Oh Promise Me," and makes one realize easily why this song has been heard around the world. Another excellent moment comes when Allen Waterous releases the best of his ringing baritone in the best of all drinking songs, "Brown October Ale."

The only objection of importance to be taken to this otherwise excellent production is the excessive number of liberties which William Danforth takes in his low comedy interpretation of the Sheriff of Nottingham. In Gilbert and Sullivan, Mr. Danforth confined himself carefully to the original text. Apparently, he has much less respect for Harry B. Smith's book and lyrics for "Robin Hood," since his punning and his modernizing of the jokes and his desire to be the center of all eyes

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at all times become painfully marked. In spite, however, of all that Mr. Danforth can do, this revival of "Robin Hood" is delightful and refreshing. (At Erlanger's Theatre.)

Jewel Robbery

THIS review will probably end up by being chiefly a discussion of the increasingly adept artistry of Mary Ellis and of the sure and quick comedy sense of Basil Sydney. The play, "Jewel Robbery," in which they are now appearing, is one of those well-written, brittle comedies, partly satirical and at almost all times cynical, which the writers of Continental Europe seem to turn out by the ream. Laszlo Fodor, the author, like Molnar and many other writers of the same type of play, has the one virtue of making his sophistication honest. If you are suffering from the imperious mental necessity of writing only about women who deceive their husbands and about husbands who increasingly deceive their wives, then it is at least better to be honest, sharp and concise about them than to do as most of the American imitators do, that is, cast about them some veil of shallow sentimentality and spurious romance.

Following, in part, the tradition of French farce, the modern Hungarians say exactly what they mean, write stories of seduction in perfectly bald terms, and seldom, if ever, slip into the complete absurdity of attributing high motives to their wandering heroes and heroines. This explains but does not justify the type of plays they produce. They are merely verbal calisthenics on the easiest and cheapest subject in the world to be funny about—man in his capacity as a misbehaving creature.

I have had occasion to remark before that Mary Ellis, among all our actresses, shows perhaps the most spontaneous fusion of intuition and carefully thought out technique. She can play a rôle as deeply tragic as Leah in "The Dybbuk," or a rôle as satirically absurd as the present one, with equal facility. Her range is quite extraordinary. But it is her high comedy sense which has come in for the greatest development over the last few years. It is a very different comedy technique, for example, from that of Lynn Fontanne. Miss Fontanne makes her comedy points with a certain languid ease. Miss Ellis makes them briskly and imperatively, more after the fashion of Mrs. Fiske, of another generation. Miss Fontanne is realistic. Miss Ellis uses rather the high artificiality which can at times become the supreme delight of the theatre. A comparison between these two artists is almost inevitable, as in range and the type of plays in which they have acted they are very similar. It is their method of approach which is totally different, each one being thoroughly valid and distinctive.

A comparison between Alfred Lunt and Basil Sydney is also almost inescapable. We have here the male halves of two married couples who mean most to the American stage. These two men have much the same variety of parts. Their work, however, is quite as different as that of their wives and differs in much the same respects. Mr. Sydney, too, seems to cling, in comedy at least, to the deliberately artificial traditions. He is suave, concise and always gives us sharp outlines which we can follow easily. His diction is excellent and his mannerisms, which were quite conspicuous a few years ago, have become much less obvious. He has developed a new lightness of touch which was very much needed in his earlier work.

It is one of the really regrettable facts of our stage that no manager seems to have the courage consistently to present Miss Ellis and Mr. Sydney as the nucleus of a theatrical institution of their own. The experiment was tried with moderate success a few seasons back. It should be continued—and with better types of plays than "Jewel Robbery." (At the Booth Theatre.)

Sederunt Principes

THE EXTRAORDINARY beauty of Catholic music in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries has been a commonplace among critics and musical historians, but it is only recently that the musical world has become aware of a European musical culture of surpassing richness which long antedated that period. Until the researches of men like Ludwig in Germany and Gastoué in France, musical history for all practical purposes began at the end of the fifteenth century, but the astonishing work of these scholars has revealed to us an enormous mass of music, much of it of the highest type of genius, reaching back as far as the twelfth century. And this music is almost entirely religious in nature and of course Catholic. It lay with the Schola Cantorum and the Choir of the Pius X School of Liturgical Music to reveal to a New York audience the first example of one of these early masterpieces, when at the opening concert of the Schola's season in Carnegie Hall the Organum Quadruplum, "Sederunt Principes," of Perotinus was sung under the direction of the Schola's conductor, Hugh Ross. This music was a revelation to the enormous audience present. Not in many years has a piece of choral music made as profound an impression as this magnificent example of polyphony written seven and a half centuries ago and first performed in 1198 in the yet uncompleted Cathedral of Notre Dame! The orchestration of Rudolf Ficker was used and Mr. Ross, with the backing of the great French scholar, Amadée Gastoué, added an organ part, but the real interest lay in the magnificent treatment of the voice parts.

Truly has M. Gastoué called Perotinus or Perotin one of "the master symphonists of the middle ages." His Organum Quadruplum is as veritably symphonic in its form as the compositions of any of the great symphonists of the nineteenth century, and as moving and original. Here we have a work of the highest flight of genius, and one informed in every measure with the spirit of the Church, and yet a work forgotten through all the centuries! Every Catholic in America, and every music-lover as well, must be grateful for its superb performance under Mr. Ross's baton by the Schola's admirable chorus and by the magnificent group of singers trained by Mother Stevens in the Pius X School of Liturgical Music. Joseph Posner, baritone, sang finely the solo part.

In a program note Mr. Ross states, in discussing the school of composers of which Perotin was the master: "They practised a most highly organized art of organum (or diaphony), which is in reality an embryonic form of contrapuntal writing, by superimposing semi-independent parts mostly in fifths and fourths on a central melodic base. Many of the combinations used would have been ruled out of court by musicians until thirty years ago, as illegal or uncouth." So once again, and this time in its art, the Church has proved its universality. Things which seem today ultra-modern the composers of the Church employed before the gargoyles frowned on Paris from the towers of Notre Dame! The truth in music as in other things has proved itself a deposit of the Faith. And Perotin is only one of these until now forgotten masters who wrote between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries. We know now that each of them represents a new style, a new art, and thanks to the scholars who have unearthed them, their works are now ready to be sung once more. It is the duty of all Catholics to see that the opportunity for their enjoyment be provided, and it is fortunate that there is in New York such a school as the one presided over by Mother Stevens at the Convent of the Sacred Heart to train singers to sing this rediscovered music.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

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BOOKS

De Profundis

New Roads to Prosperity, by Paul Mazur. New York: The Viking Press. $2.00.

IN THE words of the author, this little volume "treats of the causes of the failure of American capitalism and presents the possibilities of a solution." Although written by a New York banker, it is in happy and realistic contrast to the millions of futile words on the depression released by thousands of financial and industrial leaders in the last two years. It is based upon "the firm belief that this disaster has been unnecessary and that a repetition of it will be little short of criminal negligence."

Neither in his analysis of causes nor in his proposed remedies, does Mr. Mazur offer anything that is new in substance. After all, there is nothing new to be discovered or expressed concerning either the cause or the cure of this industrial depression. All who possess the intelligence to grasp the obvious and the courage to accept it, have realized from the beginning that the fundamental and enduring cause is the attempt of industry to produce goods without any reference to the ability of consumers to buy them. "Capitalism has failed to evaluate equitably two equally vital and important factors of economic life—production and consumption." In other words, it has refused to give the working classes sufficient money to buy all the goods that it wanted to sell. Under one aspect, the evil is overproduction relatively to existing demand; under another and more illuminating aspect, it is underconsumption. Equally obvious is the remedy: to redistribute consuming power in such a way that those who want to buy more will have the money to do so.

The outstanding merits of Mr. Mazur's book are that it convincingly exposes these obvious facts in less than two hundred pages of simple, clear and very readable English, and that it quite as convincingly refutes the shallow assumption that the depression was caused or can be cured by any manipulation of the facilities of credit. Had Mr. Mazur written his book in December, 1931, instead of in September and October, 1931, he would no doubt have found the recommendations for the expansion of credit in President Hoover's recent message to Congress quite as inadequate as what he calls the "Pollyanna literature" which flowed out of Washington at the latter end of 1929 and in the early months of 1930. And for the same reason: neither credit nor confidence will revive industry unless the producers of goods can find purchasers; they cannot find purchasers until the millions upon millions whose purchasing power has been destroyed or curtailed come into possession of adequate purchasing power.

The author's main suggestion for the present emergency is, of course, a vast outlay for public works which would put purchasing power into the hands of these millions; but his specific recommendation, "the elimination of cities' slums and the substitution of modern, sanitary and well-built model tenements," is not now practicable. More nearly adequate is the variety of public works contemplated in the bill recently introduced in Congress by Senator LaFollette.

The author's advocacy of the five-day week, his criticisms of "Fordism" and his comments on a dozen other practices and theories of our industrial system, must be passed over in this place. To every reader of this review the reviewer would say: "Get the book and read it carefully, for it is the soundest and most enlightening work that has been written on the depression."

JOHN A. RYAN.

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NEXT WEEK

THE CARDINAL GIBBONS INSTITUTE, by John LaFarge, S.J., is a paper, by an authority, on the Catholic Rural Life program in its application to the special needs of colored Catholics. It has, we believe, a thrilling touch of greatness to it. It is so simple, so factual and so obviously a construing of the practical problems of life on the highest plane. This is another of the chapters in THE COMMONWEAL'S important series on the Catholic rural life movement. . . . PERSPECTIVE, by Edith M. Almedingen, is a story. THE COMMONWEAL does not often print fiction, waiting hopefully for something with that nuance which occasionally distinguishes fiction as one of the highest literary forms. We believe this story has it. . . . JAPAN, by William Franklin Sands, is an analysis by one of our most experienced American diplomatists of the internal organization of the Japanese nation. Though we think of Japan as a constitutional monarchy in which the power of the emperor is limited by the provisions of the constitution, exactly the opposite is the case: the emperor is absolute and infallible, and in emergencies such as the present, the emperor assumes all powers which in normal times are delegated to civil authorities, and his immediate instruments of power are the chiefs of staff of the army and navy. The danger, and the tragedy of conflict of the United States with this system, are pointed out by the writer. . . . A.M.D.G., by Michael Williams, is an appreciation of several books that reveal the mystical rôle of some of the workers in Christ's kingdom who are maligned and persecuted hardly less than was their Divine Leader. Those who know, and those who do not know, the Jesuits, will be stirred by this article.

Defining Liberalism

Looking Forward, by Nicholas Murray Butler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

FEW AMERICAN educators have been so deeply interested in "bringing the university to the people" as has President Butler, and certainly none has worked harder at the job or maintained higher standards while doing so. His work as an orator and an essayist has been indefatigable. The earnestness with which he has considered civic problems before talking about them is exceptional. But no doubt his friends, among whom we should like to enroll ourselves, are most interested in the fact that he has slowly, and no doubt laboriously, acquired a rare breadth and openness of mind.

These last qualities need definition. They have nothing spurious, nothing spineless, about them. Conviction without fanaticism is their most genuine characteristic. The present volume of addresses and essays reflects them at every turn, regardless of the subject matter. Perhaps the best which Dr. Butler offers here is concerned with international affairs. He has been a tireless advocate not of some mere philosophy of internationalism, but of realities which now happen to transcend nationalism—realties to which one can be blind but by which one will nevertheless, as a citizen and a private individual, be affected. Yet plenty of other topics are discussed. Shrewd comment on national politics and American culture generally leads to detailed consideration of those institutional aids upon which society must rely.

Divine discontent and plain horse sense combine, for instance, in the address which proposes the question: "What will America do?" Here one is offered a sketch of the world as it is, and yet soberly reminded that changing systems of government and of economics avail little in an age when public opinion is the ultimate determinant. "The objective today is everywhere and always public opinion, for public opinion will find its ways and means to control government, whether it be monarchical or oligarchical, Fascist or Communist, or one of the many and odd forms of democracy." This opinion is at present bewildered and angry. It needs instruction and vitalization. Above all, it demands an answer.

Dr. Butler bravely endeavors to answer. He deals with Russia, with social dissatisfaction and bitterness, with disarmament, with voting and not voting, with war debts and the League of Nations, with the lingering zest to persecute, with the American form of government, and with university education. To say that one is always in complete agreement would be no less fatuous than untrue. But it would be difficult to read this volume, or even part of it, without feeling that one had been challenged and urged to think. And that, after all, is the finest service of which the educator can dream.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Samples

The European Caravan: An Anthology of the New Spirit in European Literature; edited by Samuel Putnam. New York: Brewer, Warren and Putnam. $4.00.

FERMENTATION in an egg might well describe this book. Its values are intensely high, and no doubt to the persevering observer, extraordinarily interesting. The molecular activity, the plans and patterns and colors of the matter, not to speak of the assault on or appeal to different senses, can probably be closely studied, and yield many marvels more fascinating than contemplation of one's navel. A wild dis-

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order is in it, chaos which retreats to endless horizons beyond any rationalizing ordering of the intellect, yet it is all neatly contained within limits, not only limits, but one of the most fundamentally perfect of forms. All these things are potentially in it for some, yet to others it would be no doubt only a most offensive and unaesthetic bomb.

Samples of what the bright (or not quite bright) young men are doing in inutilitarian writing (but is it art, dearie?) in France, Spain, England and Ireland, have been gathered within one book of 577 thin pages by Samuel Putnam, Maida Castelhun Darnton, George Reavey and J. Bronowski, and seen through the press (and possibly through some of the more esoteric book shops) by those three mustachios, Brewer, Warren and Putnam. Guillaume Apollinaire, Jean Cocteau, Tristan Tzara, Jean Giraudoux, the Super-Realists, the Creationists, the Automatists, the Sportists, the neo-Thomists, the Anti-Bourgeois and Anti-Bergsons, the Revelationists, the Discontinuity-ists, and a school rejoicing in the apt name of the Tired Travelers, not to mention the forbidding one, in Spain, of the Literary Journalists, and unlabeled Englishmen and Irishmen, as D. H. Lawrence, T. S. Eliot, Dorothy Richardson, James Joyce and Virginia Woolf all contribute barbaric yawps. It is indeed said, and this is merely an interlude in this review and has no special significance, that Vice-President Curtis dearly likes to settle down in the evening with a good cigar and a book by Virginia Woolf. The credibility of this would be hard to determine, but these unimportant things, like flowers by the wayside, are more than just daffodils, or are they?

Viewed as an egg again, the thing (the book, the whole period, the movement, the phenomenon of this sort of writing as a whole) is very likely the last word. As I have sought to indicate, it is beyond logic, and it affects one at different times in different ways, and different persons, as far as observation goes, differently. Sometimes it is vertiginously stimulating, and other times it is spinach. All the component parts are centripetal, but the limitations of human experience and knowledge are centrifugal, and the result is static; which is an elegant way of saying, that it is something, but it gets you nowhere. It is all ghastly and dead. It has not the little homely movement of a stroll in the interstellar fields of fact with a friend, or the simple movements of love and laughter. The letters have killed. Language can no more. After this, silence.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

Things We Built

Portrait of an American, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

WHAT on earth is an American? Is he a person who receives the full dignity of American citizenship, with equivalent full responsibility in exchange for four soiled paper dollars? Or is he a person who understands and sympathizes with the good things the earliest settlers tried to build here in the wilderness during their two hundred years of earnest trial and bitter error, and who wants to take his part in their conversation and further evolution?

Tristram Coffin, the poet, follows that mixed company that landed in the first English colonial ventures and went up into the forest from their several landing places, and shows how they looked when they had "pushed over the forest" and made America—"those comely cosmic men" all molded to one type, no matter whence they came: "(square-headed Swedes, Dutchmen built like patient oxen, Quakers with hats glued to their heads, Puritans with concave jaws and high narrow foreheads,

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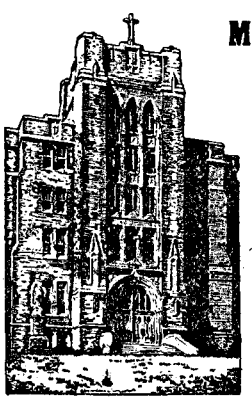

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Roman Catholic Englishmen and Huguenot French, bound-servants and king's men in laces and velvets). All who had gone to the forest came out welded all together. Old ideas that once had been universes apart came out combined in one new kind of man," and produced in their composite influence the subject of his portrait.

"They believed that every man had an equal chance. They believed that a gentleman could work with his hands, . . . that a man might shear sheep and read great books too. They had discovered that high thinking could go hand in hand with plain living, . . . that small farmers could be great gentlemen."

His hero is of this "New World pattern of gentility," a man who carried himself like a king, yet could work harder and better at their jobs than the working-men he hired; who plowed or dug clams, built houses or served travelers in a wayside inn, yet knew his Shakespeare and his Lauds as part of himself, and was master of pen, pencil or brush. "He was the balanced flesh and spirit, he was Cathedrals and Forest, the Old World and the New, intermingled. He had come of a race of men who had brought the richness of the spirit and zest in labor together and made them one matter."

That sounds like something more than four dollars and five years residence. Is it a poet's quaint conceit? Or have we tragically lost the things we built?

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Underground Russia

The Thief, by Leonid Leonov; authorized translation by Samuel B. Schaeffer. New York: The Dial Press. $3.00.

REVOLUTIONARY Moscow apparently has its underworld, and "The Thief" is a novel about that underworld. Meet Dmitri Vekshin, familiarly called Mitka, the main character. He was a distinguished cavalry officer during the Revolution, but at the time when the novel begins he has deteriorated into a professional thief. He has not seen his family for years; and so when he robs a young lady in a railway carriage, he does not know (until later) that he has robbed his own sister. Tanya forgives him, they grow deeply attached to each other. She is a circus performer, a sympathetic person —perhaps the only one in the book—and a tragic figure.

Then there is Zinka, enamored of Mitka, and Manka the Snowstorm, whom Mitka adores. She returns his love, but persists in tormenting him and in making herself miserable. After a series of escapades and a harrowing illness Mitka, like Franz Biberkopf in "Alexanderplatz, Berlin," finally decides to reform. "He stepped into the forest, a new-born creature, and recognized his home."

The story is less important and interesting than are the characters. But there are so many characters, of whom the majority are unappealing, and such a mass of detail, that the book is often confusing and even tedious. Much of the narrative is related by Firssov, a writer who, though a keen observer of life, is a relatively obnoxious creature. The criticism meted out to him is much like that which Russia generally accords M. Leonov. Curiously enough the one amiable character, old Puchov, is the only one who professes faith in Christ. To him the ailing come for healing, and Mitka, jaded and soul-weary, likewise turns to him.

"The Thief" may be read as an interesting picture of life under the Soviet régime. But it will also serve as an argument against booking passage on the next ship leaving for Russia.

DORIS CUNNINGHAM.

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Briefer Mention

Bodyguard Unseen, by Vincenzo d'Aquila. New York: Richard R. Smith, Incorporated. $2.50.

A YOUNG Italo-American, who volunteered for service in Italy before the entrance of the United States into the World War, found his enthusiasm rapidly congealed by the reality. At the front, where he did some good reconnoitering, he made a vow not to kill anyone. Soon he succeeded in getting clerical work at Brigade Headquarters, deliberately feigned illness, was sent to the rear, and became seriously ill on the journey in a manner involving his mental condition. After treatment in several hospitals he was given a series of leaves, during which he disported himself on the Riviera, and finally sneaked home on an American freighter. The publisher's opinion of the book's spiritual importance seems unjustified. It is not without value as a vivid though rather crudely written picture of war-time Italy, and it's author's complete frankness makes it an interesting psychological revelation. But Mr. d'Aquila, though perfectly sincere in his belief that divine inspiration guided his adventures, is too wrapped up in himself, and, frankly, too eager to identify the instinct of self-preservation with the voice of God, to be convincing as a mystic.

Towards a Better Life, by Kenneth Burke. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE SERIES of declamations that compose this work are in the form, artistic or otherwise, of the untutored maunderings of a misanthrope. The obverse of this is of course suggested: that it is the eccentric expression of inordinate and introverted self-love. The genre is painfully familiar today and, through some rather general ignorance, its sort of runaway sulkiness is often confused with signs of genius. Two peculiarities of this type of literature are evident: one, the writer, though explicitly disclaiming all belief in deity, nevertheless never fails to address or postulate God when he thinks of something nasty he believes he can charge to God's action or omission; and second, though he disclaims all moral or ethical standards in his own conduct, he is unfailing in his bitter denunciations of the meanness of others in their lapses from moral or ethical standards. The book would not be worth mention, were it not that the writer is a protégé of the intelligentsia who identify reality with raking the muck of humanity and perishing things, and the paens that may reasonably be anticipated from them will need a counter-statement.

An Anthology of Contemporary Catholic Poetry; edited by Maurice Leahy. London: Cecil Palmer. 8/.

THE SELECTION includes poems by all the living Catholic poets of the British Isles who are familiar to American readers, besides many by less well known ones. Those by the former, notably Belloc and Chesterton, might have been better chosen, and those by the latter, while usually pleasing, are seldom notable. Alfred Noyes's "The Burial of a Queen," written, by the way, some time before his conversion, is at once the longest and the best in the book. Its pageantry and melody are transfused by deep feeling, and it sometimes touches greatness. Mr. Wyndham-Lewis's introductory essay on "Catholicism in Modern Poetry" has little to do with the collection of verse, but it is worth reading as a lively and a suggestive attack on the British tendency to identify respectability and religion.

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Men of the Trees, by Richard St. Barbe Baker. New York: The Dial Press. $5.00.

THE TITLE of this volume is the name of an organization founded among the natives of British East Africa by the author—lately Assistant Conservator of Forests for the British government—for the preservation of African forests, particularly the valuable mahogany forests of Kenya and Nigeria. The story of how Captain Baker shrewdly lured the Negroes into voluntary participation in the movement with a Boy Scout sort of ritual, by inviting them to a Dance of the Trees and rewarding the volunteers with trinket badges, is one of the interesting parts of the book. The rest is a hodge-podge. There are tempting observations on native customs and characteristics, but they are too cursory, incidental. The anecdotes of native folk-lore, the brief bits devoted to wild animals and to *safari*, will seem tepid to a public which has fed for some years on the strong brew of Stewart Edward White, Martin Johnson, Trader Horn, et al. The scientific data on African forestry which fill the latter part of the book will be valuable to arboriculturists, but will be skipped by the average reader. Only to readers interested in forestry and to officials who are concerned with African administration will the volume be likely to appeal.

Liturgical Law, by Reverend P. Charles Augustine, O.S.B. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $4.50.

FATHER AUGUSTINE'S scholarly handbook is meant primarily for ecclesiastical students, and should also prove valuable to priests. As a ceremonial guide for the ordinary church it is neither as complete nor as practical as Fortescue's manual, but it covers a much wider field, embracing well-nigh all of rubrical law, and including a good deal of interesting historical material. The introduction offers reasonable suggestions for a "rubrical disarmament parley," which one may hope to see laid before the proper authorities. The treatment of vestments might be improved by greater emphasis on the proper standards for surplices and albs, since most of those in use are flagrantly unrubrical. A fuller dealing with the question of the ample chasuble would also be desirable. The statement on page 41, that at requiems the antependium should be black, should be brought into line with the more correct one on page 287, to the effect that the antependium should be violet where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved.

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